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THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1971.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.

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PHYSICS.—Professor STOKES will commence a Course of Thirty-Six Lectures on PHYSICS on FRIDAY next, the 3rd of November, at 2 o'clock, at the MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn Street: to be continued at the same hour on each succeeding Monday and Friday. Fee for the course, 4s.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Next Meeting of this Society will take on Thursday, November 2nd, at No. 21, Regent Street, when a paper, by Mr. Hardwick, on "Positive Printing," will be read, and Communications by Mr. Fulkner and Messrs. Newton will also be made. The Chair will be taken at eight o'clock precisely.

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If ever an unhappy scribbler deserved to smart under the rule and rod of criticism it is the author of 'Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera.' It is the useless publication of such books as these that cumber the shelves of the British Museum, and add so much to the troubles of poor Mr. Panizzi in making the Catalogue; and it is the cynical grumbling and illiberality of such men that bring the English traveller into European contempt. After extolling the comforts and liberality of the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, for example, and most unjustly abusing the admirably conducted Hôtel Meurice in Paris, Mr. Oldmixon thus winds up his remarks:—"In short, avarice and meanness are the ruling contrivances at all hotels all over the world; but at home they cannot venture on the *sans froid* assurance of the Continent." Sometimes the naval commander expresses his admiration of things on the Continent, and displays his ignorance in comparisons with his countrymen. On visiting the Museum at Lyons, he remarks,—"On the second floor a very fair gallery of paintings by artists of the town; many of them might well put to shame some of our R.A.'s on our National Gallery walls, who in thirty or forty years seem to do nothing but repeat themselves, so that what merit they once had becomes tiresome, even a defect." And turning to the Law Courts, he says,—"French justice is condemned among us for sifting the truth too closely; on the other hand, what can be so

absurd, so utterly silly, as warning accused parties *not* to implicate themselves!—as if on purpose to thwart the ends of justice, and puzzle the clearest evidence. Thence the monstrous verdicts so often given with us against the clearest facts—or rather the original clear evidence bemuddled, twisted, and obscured—till at last the jury can make neither head nor tail of it, and the greatest villains are acquitted, and let loose afresh on the town."

Commander Oldmixon, R.N., had not the *entrée* to society that Lord Carlisle possessed. At Pera he "longed to have a friend at the embassy," where he "spoke to the porter on two or three occasions," once leaving his card, and yet couldn't get presented.

"The ambassador has an immense house and garden on the top of Pera, overlooking the Golden Horn, across the hill-side and cemetery and distant hill suburbs I have mentioned, at the back of Pera. With a letter, or a title, one might have visions of an invite, a dinner, a little ordinary civility."

"I have left my card, which is not even returned; and so, if I should want a little hospitality or even assistance, I will next knock at the door rather of some native moslem:—of this, or of mere indifference, I do not complain, for I make no effort: my own countrymen, officers or mere travellers, are no more unsocial than myself; but they are generally in pairs or in a party: one cannot—I cannot, make advances: besides, our rule is to ent people spoken to abroad—and I avoid the risk—doing myself some violence—putting myself thus in training for a hermit's cell."

At Naples he might perhaps have been more fortunate had he condescended to raise his hat:—

"Going up the Toledo I met the Duke of Northumberland in his carriage, looking very well, very happy. My features must have struck him as familiar (we have indeed spoken), for I expected he would have nodded, he looked so hard at me, and so good-naturedly; his face is the picture of goodness! But our carriages (mine a *caricolo* or cab at a *carlin*!) passed and made no sign. I would have taken my hat off; but his presiding year at the Admiralty 'sickled o'er the pale cast of thought, and lost the name of action!'"

Commander Oldmixon, however, admits that he has been "doubly ruined by misfortune and idleness, and lost all the better chances of life in a worldly state," so it were perhaps better to pass his foibles and give our readers a specimen of his better parts. Here is a short extract from his visit to Pompeii:—

"We were hurried along the *mercury*, the *soap*, and the *mercantile* streets, and through the forums, theatres, and temples, and distinguished houses, so fast that there was no time to observe or digest anything—how describe it!—even if it had not been so often and so much better done than I can attempt. I feel, indeed, that it would require a month, nay, a year, living on the spot, and untrammelled by officials, to read to any purpose these silent, but most eloquent mementos! Here, as everywhere, how admirable the brickwork, where stripped of its stuccos! those stuccos, in turn, how admirable! and, when painted, how exquisite! except, I think, in the larger ones—the Ulysses and Penelope, the Diana and Acteon, the grand hunt, and in some of the landscapes, looking a little Chinese. But where there are small defects of drawing or perspective, the thing is even enhanced in interest, for, not to talk of the arts then rising or declining, these are the citizens' houses—some employed cheaper and worse artists, others had no taste themselves. Several grottos of shells, as fountains or altars, though beautifully done, show a true citizen taste, as one may see in the villas and small garden ornaments about London now-a-days. One, with little comical marble statues and groups in a joyous circle, presided over

by Master Bacchus in his niche, is quite charming; and how well of them to have left it in its little court, in its own veritable house!—in the museum at Naples it would have been lost—nothing; for the figures are in a bad style of art, though in themselves inimitable, as showing us a domestic interior of the middle classes.

"None of the covered pavement mosaics are more than curious. All the fine ones, at all moveable, have been removed to Naples. They have put up a parcel of paltry yellow-painted gates, under padlock, quite enough to destroy all illusion, together with the officials, and the rude, ignorant soldiery, who warned us off as we approached some newly discovered and finely painted apartments, in the north-east quarter (here I marked one lovely angel with blue wings), in the direction of the Grand Amphitheatre, beyond the supposed walls, half a mile off; to which our stupid cicerone refused to take us, pleading want of time; and, in truth, it was as much as ever we could do, at a full trot, to go over the chief places, reserving the doctor's house, the baker's, the mills, the great arcaded caravansarai, or inn, the end city wall, at the Street of Tombs, and the Diomed Villa, to the last. His cellar is not unlike an underground cloister of three sides: here are the greatest number of wine-jars, or amphorae, in triple rows against the vault walls, standing on end, as if full of wine, just as left. But these jars are seen in many of the houses, of various shapes and sizes, some let into the counters of the shops, for wine or oil; some for water, and of very elegant shapes, though so plain and so common. How is it that, in all these last fifty years (Italy has been always open to us), we have not copied them more closely in our own domestic utensils?—we might so easily, to so much advantage, without paying such exorbitant prices for mere beauty of shape as we still do."

"As for getting up and down Vesuvius," says Mr. Oldmixon, "it is sheer fatigue and worry, and about as childish as running down single-tree hill in Greenwich Park." At Constantinople the author wished to visit the bazaars:—

"It is quite impossible to stir without a Greek who speaks Turkish: of course the Greeks *en masse* speak nothing but Greek or Turkish; in vain you try French or Italian. I, however, crossed the bridge alone, passed the great mosque (the *Yeni-jery*) close to it, and made my way upwards to the bazaar. An old Greek Jew picked me up, who had previously picked up enough French and Italian and English to make confusion worse confounded. However, he showed me the bazaar, and helped to cheat me. Even the Turks ask as much again as they will eventually take. Your offering half is no criterion, for one is quite ignorant of what the prices should be. I found burnouses, slippers, amulets, attar of roses, and cherry-stick pipes, with amber mouth-pieces, at absurdly high prices. They may refuse your offer of half (very dear at that), and smoke on in comfortable apathetic silence. Not so the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, whose outward appearance closely resembles the Turks. They are all in commotion at the sight of John Bull; call out after us, pull you into their shops, insist on your being seated, dispute with each other for you, particularly in the silk stuffs and scarf quarters; unfold fifty things, and fairly astound one with their volubility and impose on you by their tricks—quite equal to our Oxford Street dodges! At one shop I bought some rose water of the 'first quality'—mere water put into a turpentine bottle, the cotton stopper of which they had scented with attar of roses! This was so atrocious, it was impossible, however provoking when I found it out, not to laugh."

Turn we now to the more pleasant diary of the Earl of Carlisle. His Lordship sees much in our new relation with the Mahomedan people:—"I go towards the venerable and mysterious East, with a fixed conviction upon

my mind that it is about, very shortly, to become the theatre of completed Scripture Prophecy, and of a commencing new dispensation of events. The circumstances now in immediate operation upon that swelling scene, have an undoubted tendency to confirm this anticipation, but it was formed long before they had assumed any such active development." Like Mr. Oldmixon, Lord Carlisle commences his diary with his departure from London, but he is soon on the Rhine and the Danube. At Vienna—

"June 12th.—Went to the house of our minister for morning service. Saw the Westmorlands, who show the kindest promptitude of hospitality. Saw Lady William Russell, who is staying at my hotel. Went to St. Stephen's during vespers; it is a very beautiful church; the exterior tower, or rather spire, extremely fine, and within there is a degree of imposing gloom, relieved by occasional streaks of gorgeousness which I have hardly seen equalled. I think, however, that Robert's admirable picture rather exaggerates the effect of the low arch on entering. Few people there. Dined with the Westmorlands; met Sir John Potter, whom I had last seen knighted by the Queen at Manchester. He encourages me about Turkey and Egypt. Lady Westmorland took me to the gardens at Schönbrunn, which quite fulfil the idea of an imperial *pleasure*, with their green alleys, white statues, and fountains. There was as much of the fashion as is still left in Vienna walking about, and a fair display of beauty. The road side is pleasant, filled with people sitting and quaffing. Later in the evening the Westmorlands again took me to a reception at Count Buol's, the secretary for foreign affairs: I was received very civilly. I was introduced to the Russian minister, M. Meyendorff, who seems a very accomplished person. M. de Bourqueney, the French minister, whom I saw at Schönbrunn, rather expects war. Prince Metternich told him that his instinct predicted peace, though his reason pointed to war; also, that he feared the question might have to be resolved, not at Petersburg, but at Moscow (that is, by the high Russo-Greek Church party)."

And here is a picture of the Danube:—

"June 19th.—I was on deck at half-past three, soon after our starting. Shortly below Moldava, the river enters a defile of steep, rocky, wooded hills, flanked by a castle on one side and a tower opposite, after the Rhenish manner; but I think that it soon surpasses its German brother-flood. They say that the cliffs are as high as 2000 feet; and here the monarch of European streams, with its Drave, and Save, and Theiss, that we had seen the evening before spread out like an enormous lake, is so hemmed in as in one place to be only 145 yards across. We encountered very heavy driving rain in the heart of the gorge, but I stood out most of it on deck: there are vestiges in the perpendicular rock of sockets for the beams which supported a causeway made by Trajan during his Dacian campaigns; and a slate of rock is pointed out, on which an inscription to commemorate them can still be decyphered. We drew up at Orsova, the frontier town on the left bank of the river between Austria and Wallachia, where our baggage was submitted to an examination upon the part of both states, but I must say in our case it was entirely nominal on either side. The town is prettily nestled in hills which have here begun to subside. Just below it we passed a Turkish fortress and island, which command the river, but do not seem capable of very stout defence; we then arrived at the most critical rapid, which bears the imposing name of the Iron Gates. This portion of the Danube had till lately been thought impassable by steamboats; but a bold captain in the company's service made the trial one day, and the others have followed. They are obliged, however, when the water is low, to transport their cargoes either in small boats or by the shore. We made another halt at Szoreny, the Roman Severinum, where the passports are submitted to a Wallachian

officer—a useless operation, our captain thinks, as the officer understands no language but Wallachian. Here I fell in with a countryman who has been seventeen years in the company's service as engineer or agent. Besides apparently having the energy and straightforwardness which, I trust, we may consider not uncommon attributes of his countrymen, he seemed to have a great aptitude for acquiring languages, which I do not think so common an one, and spoke fluently, and he said well, in French, German, Italian, and Wallachian. He says he has not found the natives dishonest, but most incurably lazy: it is quite impossible to make them work, except under the pressure of immediate hunger, and that is by no means a constant incentive in a country of immense natural fertility. Many were standing and lying about in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps, and most unwashed sheepskins (a common vesture, it seemed to me, of all the Danubian races)—models of picturesque filthiness. I do not know what is most to be wished for these populations. I am inclined to believe that they have scarcely advanced a single step since the conquests of Trajan; and one gets to feel that almost any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies—which could hold out a motive to exertion and secure a return to industry—with whatever ingredients of confusion and strife it might be accompanied, must bring superior advantages in the end. As far as I can make out, there seems to be general distaste for the Russians. The hopes of human progress do not lie in that quarter. When I remark on the neglected and abused opportunities which surround me on every side, I do not disguise from myself what may be retorted upon an Englishman with respect to Ireland; but even if there should be no people whom the Irish may not match in their occasional misery, there are, at all events, among them copious indications of energy and character in whatever direction they may be developed, while in these regions, blessed with a genial climate and generous soil, man, as yet, has only seemed to vegetate.

"Just below the small village are the piers, on both banks, of the bridge built by Trajan over a breadth of 3900 English feet; the architect was Apollodorus of Damascus; the figures of the Dacians on Trajan's pillar are said to resemble the modern Wallachians in features, person, and costume. What a people the Romans were! May not even England have something to learn in the way of material improvements for India from what Rome did for Dacia?

"We passed Widdin, which, with other subsequent Turkish towns, make a decent show from the river, with trees and minarets; but I hear they are sad squalid places within. The shore of Bulgaria, which we had now reached, on the right side of the river, is more varied and elevated than the opposite Wallachia. The breadth of the overflow of water made our captain think it more prudent to cast anchor during the dark hours. When we had stopped, part of the Italian company, consisting of the family of Signor Ferlotti, with the assistance of our all-accomplished captain, sang beautiful Italian music from the current operas, and their strong and mellow voices rose delightfully from the still Danube.

"June 20th.—Between our two breakfasts, we halted at Giurgevo, which serves as a port to Bucharest. We saw it in splashing rain, which aggravated its indigenous look of discomfort and decrepitude. It had a garrison of 200 Wallachian soldiers: they had no news of the movements of Russia. With a little practice, I believe that one might soon make out the Wallachian language by the help of Latin. Here and in Moldavia they still call themselves Romans. Soon after we set out again we had a thunderstorm, through which Silistria loomed darkly: it is singular to have arrived in this latitude towards the end of June without having once wished to change my warmest winter clothing. This evening the river seemed to begin to shake off its shores. In one place we saw vines on the Bulgarian bank, but generally there appeared an extreme deficiency of cultivation.

The more I see of these countries, seen, however, it must be remembered, only during the transit of a very rapid steamer going at a rate of sixteen miles with the current, I feel more strongly that any change which should disturb the stagnant mass would seem to give a chance of eliciting something better than the present state of fetid, mouldy putrefaction. After dark we touched at Ibraila, and then came on to Galatz, the term of our navigation in our present vessel. It is the main port of Moldavia."

Reaching Sulina at the central mouth of the river, we have the following entry:—

"June 22nd.—At eight I left the *Szechage* steamboat, and its manly and accomplished captain. He is one of those from whom one cannot part without a wish of encountering again in some scene of shifting life. We transferred ourselves to the *Persia*, which we found a good sea-boat, with copious but less-tempting fare, and the captain another Dalmatian, of whom it need only be said that he seemed to understand his business well. We set off with only six passengers in the upper cabin, though on different parts of the deck were a Turkish and a Jewish quarter, and a small Turkish booth, at which coffee is made. At stated hours we see the Turks and Jews saying their prayers, and bowing to the ground, with their faces turned respectively to Jerusalem or Mecca. We passed the mouth of the Pruth, the boundary (for the present) of Russian rule; then, the spot at which the Russians crossed the Danube during the last war; then, a distant view of Ismail. The moment of quitting the Danube by the Sulina, or central mouth of the river, was very interesting. This channel was secured to Russia by the Treaty of Adrianople, on the condition that it should be open to the commerce of all nations, and that the Russians should keep it in navigable order. They have brought a dredging-machine there, but it has scarcely ever been detected at work; and the result might be inferred from the spectacle which at present met our eyes, of hundreds of vessels in the river within the mouth, and scores of them in the sea without, unable to pass the Bar. Our ship only drew seven feet and a half of water, and had purposely brought no merchandise. We winded triumphantly through a long double tier of vessels, but even we grazed the ground sensibly on passing the Bar: 'Con tutta la forza,' cried the captain to the man at the engine, and we were safe on the still surface of the Euxine."

Two days afterwards Lord Carlisle arrived in Pera:—

"June 24th.—After a smooth course, at about ten, we came to the guardian rocks of the Symplegades, the light-houses, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, and then, between the guns of the alternating fortresses, the lines of the Turkish men-of-war, the villas of embassies, the palaces of Sultans, the terraced treillages, and the cypress groves, we ran rapidly down these famous straits of Europe and Asia. Perhaps, on the whole, there was less of shade and softness in the scenery of the banks than I had anticipated, and the immediate entrance from the Black Sea is decidedly disappointing. The Great City crowns the vista: the position is most beautiful and most imperial, capping the successive heights with domes and minarets, and lining with town and tower the splashing blue waters of each bay and inlet. Shortly after we had dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, there was a thundering salute and manning of yards among all the ships in the harbour, which betokened that the Sultan was proceeding in his state barge to one of the mosques, which happens on Fridays. On landing and walking up to Messini's Hotel in Pera, I was struck far beyond my expectation with the ruggedness, the narrowness, the steepness, and the squalidness of the streets; an impression which the extension of my walk through Galata (the old Genoese quarter) and Constantinople Proper (Stamboul) materially aggravated. I could not see the close dwellings and bazaars, the many dogs, and the no less so swarms of humankind, without wondering, not that the plague has ever

got there, but that it has ever got out again. We saw a sort of promenade, or Corso, of Turkish ladies, in small painted carriages, upon a bit of ground about the size of Stable Yard, in London, covered with dust and guarded by a file of soldiers to keep mankind off; a duty, however, not rigorously exercised. We went into the outer court of a neighbouring mosque, in which a bazaar is held during the sacred month of Ramazan, which is now going on. I thought the caution of our guide on entering the sacred precincts rather characteristic of the influences of Moslem sanctity:—'Prenez garde, il y a beaucoup de voleurs.' We saw numbers of the sacred pigeons, which peculiarly belong to this mosque. The hotel is a pleasant one; the fare, on the whole, good. I dined at the table d'hôte; dinner at seven. I found a large party (about thirty) of shifting tourists—American, Belgian, but chiefly English. I walked in a sort of public alley afterwards, where people were drinking coffee, and an indifferent band playing. The whole was a shabby affair, very different from Dresden and Vienna. Some of the gentlemen at the hotel went to see a sort of Turkish Punch called Karagoos; but they had given me such an account of the abominable indecency of the exhibition, that I really felt it a point of conscience not to go. They found that it quite answered to its character. I was not prepared for the shocking details I hear of the state of morals; I do not wish to dwell on such topics; they are such as, if fully known, would, I imagine, tend much to arrest the somewhat profuse flow of English sympathy for the Ottoman race."

We must close our notice for the present with Lord Carlisle's account of his visit to Dr. Sandwith:—

"I had brought letters to Dr. Sandwith, who is a physician here, for the present a correspondent to 'The Times,' above all, a Yorkshireman. He very sensibly told me, that if even I did dine at any great repast given by some Turkish Pasha or minister, I should probably only find a reproduction of European customs, knives and forks, &c.; so he undertook to show me a genuine Turkish house and dinner. We went to-day; our host was the chief physician of the Sultan. We arrived at his house in Soutari about half an hour before sunset; and as we could not dine during the Ramazan till after it, neither food nor pipes being allowed between the rising and setting sun, we sat in the garden with our host, who, not in good keeping with his art, plied us with unripe fruits. A young Circassian girl, of about twelve, and so not of an age to prevent her appearing before Franks, was sent from the Seraglio, that the state of her health might be examined. At last the cannon fired:—

'Hark! peal'd the thunder of the evening gun;
It told 'twas sunset, and we bless'd that sun.'

Corsair.

"There was quite a rush to the meal. The party amounted to nine: there was a Priest or Imamu in a violet robe; but the person who was the best dressed, and seemed to be made most of, was a perfectly black gentleman from the Seraglio. Our host talked some French; the rest nothing but Turkish, in which Dr. Sandwith is very fluent. All sat down on low cushions upon their legs; this I could not quite effect, but managed to stow mine under the small low round table. Upon this was placed a brass or copper salver, and upon this again the dishes of food in very quick and most copious succession: we all helped ourselves with our right hands, except that just for the soup we had wooden spoons: this is not quite so offensive as it sounds, since they hardly take more than one or two mouthfuls in each dish from the part immediately opposite them, so the hands do not mingle in the platter: it seems to me, however, that the first advance in Turkish civilization to which we may look forward will be the use of spoons, and then, through succeeding epochs, to knives and forks."

'The diapason ending full in plates.'

I must say that I thought the fare itself very good, consisting in large proportion of vegetables, pastry,

and condiments, but exhibiting a degree of resource and variety not unworthy of study by the unadventurous cookery of Britain. We drank sherbets and water. Some of the company had become so ravenous for their pipes after the long abstinence of the day, that they could not sit out the meal. We transferred ourselves to another room, where we all tucked up our legs on the divan, which, however, soon gave me the cramp; but I was kindly encouraged to stretch out my feet. This portion of the evening was very long, as coffee and pipes were incessantly brought in: occasional relief was effected by the black gentleman condescending to sing, with rather a cracked voice, to a tambourine."

Lord Carlisle's journal wins amazingly with the reader from its simple and truthful touches of observation; and we shall return to it next week for extracts of his sojourn on more classic ground.

Voyage au Pays des Niam-Niams. By Hadji-Abd-el-Hamed-Bey. Paris: Martinon.

Was Lord Monboddoo right after all about men having tails? Professor Owen, to be sure, laboured in the British Association, in its recent meeting, to demolish the notion of his lordship, and of many eminent savans, that man is only an improved monkey. But here is a book just brought out at Paris, and making, we hear, considerable sensation in that capital, which proves, or at least asserts, that our relationship to monkeydom is considerably closer than the learned Professor will allow; inasmuch as there exists at least one portion of our species who are ornamented with what is the glorious appendage of the greater part of the monkey tribes—*tails*—real, *bona-fide*, vertebral tails.

The reader may be inclined to think that the book in which this singular revelation is made is some vulgar catchpenny or foolish hoax. But it purports to be the plain and unvarnished narrative of an eminent traveller, sent out by the French government, at its expense, to make explorations in the least known parts of Africa; and it is certainly published by him with all apparent seriousness. The name of this gentleman is C. L. du Couret, but for personal safety in his African voyages he found it necessary to disguise his nationality and abjure his religion, and he therefore assumed the name on the title-page of his book—Hadji-Abd-el-Hamed-Bey. The warrant on which he proceeded to Africa is given; it is dated Paris, the 7th November, 1849, and is signed by M. de Parieu, at that time Minister of Public Instruction. This document expressly states that he has been provided with instructions by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and it expressly directs him, amongst other things, "to visit the country of the Ghilanes, where," it says, "he has reason to believe that he will find a race of men with tails (*hommes à appendice*), a specimen of whom he saw at Mecca in 1842," and it directs him "to make special researches respecting them." Unless, then, we can suppose that a regular recognised traveller and savant, employed by the French government, and commissioned by the French Academy of Sciences—the most distinguished learned body of Europe—can descend to the pitiful trick of palming a Munchausen tale on the public, we must accept this book as a serious narrative, and no hoax.

We translate the author's description of the singular people to whom he introduces us:—

"The Niam-Niams, or Ghilanes (their name signifies cannibals), form a race of men who have a great similitude with the monkey. Shorter than other negroes, they are rarely more than five feet high. They are generally ill-proportioned; their bodies are thin and appear weak; their arms long and lank; their feet and hands larger and flatter than those of other races of men; their lower jaws are very strong and very long; their cheek-bones are high; their forehead is narrow and falls backwards; their ears are long and deformed; their eyes small, brilliant, and remarkably restless; their nose large and flat, the mouth large, the lips thick, the teeth big and sharp, and remarkably white (they sharpen their teeth). Their hair is curly but not very woolly, short and not thick. What, however, peculiarly distinguishes this people, is the external prolongation of the vertebral column, which in every individual, male or female, forms a tail of from two to three inches long."

Of their way of living, he says,—

"They live in numerous bands, in a completely savage state, without any clothing, and feed on what they get by the chase or fishing, on roots, and on plants and fruits, which without the least labour a bountiful Paradise puts within their reach, and causes to grow spontaneously. They are armed with small lances, bows and arrows, and they poison the latter skillfully; with clubs of very hard wood; with shields made from the skins of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and crocodile; they often seek quarrels with neighbouring negro tribes with the sole object of carrying off their women, to whom they are very partial, their children, and other victims, whom they devour without pity. They are idolatrous. Formerly the Arabs bought great numbers of them from the slave-dealers (Djelabs), but at present they will not take any of them, because the children belonging to this race who were sold to them became, on growing up, dominated by the ferocious instincts natural to their species, and devoured the children of their masters."

The author declares, to his great regret, that he was not able to reach the country of the Niam-Niams; but he says that the existence of the people was confirmed to him not only by the Arab slave dealers, but by Nubians, Noubahs, Schellouks, Nouerris, and other tribes of the interior of Africa whom he visited. He, however, saw a Niam-Niam at Mecca, and he thus describes him:—

"I resided at Mecca in 1842. An Emir to whom I expressed doubts as to the existence of men with tails, determined to convince me of the reality of the fact. He caused to be brought before me one of his slaves named Bellal, aged 30, belonging to the race of Ghilanes. This slave spoke Arab perfectly, and appeared very intelligent. I conversed a long time with him, and he informed me that in his country people speak a language which, from want of practice, he had completely forgotten; that his countrymen, whose number he calculates at about thirty or forty thousand, adore the sun, the moon, certain fixed stars, and the sources of a great river to which they immolated victims (probably the sources of the Nile); that their customary and most agreeable food is raw flesh, and that they prefer it bleeding; that they particularly like human flesh, and that in their combats with their neighbours they immolate the prisoners they take, and eat them without distinction of sex or age; but that women and children are preferred because their flesh is more succulent."

"This Ghilane had become a Mussulman full of fervour: he had resided in the holy city for more than fifteen years. However, the desire, or rather the necessity, for such it was for him, of eating raw flesh manifested itself from time to time, and on such occasions his master, from motives of prudence, did not fail to give him a large piece of raw mutton, which he devoured with rage in the presence of everybody. When this frightful appetite came on he tried to combat it, but it was too strong for him. I have often been present at his strange, savage,

and disgusting repast, and when I have asked him why he did not attempt to break himself of such a hideous habit, he has answered me, 'I have often endeavoured to do so, but have never been able. It is an instinct which I have inherited from my father and mother. In my country everybody lives in this way, and if my master were to neglect to satisfy the *penchant* which nature has given me, I feel that I could not resist the necessity of devouring something, and that I should commit some great crime by attacking a child or a poor creature too weak to resist me.'

"Having asked him if he did not prefer human flesh to that which was generally given to him, and if the latter had the same taste, and was equally nourishing, he answered, that in his country men were eaten not only to satisfy hunger, but from vengeance; that nothing is so delicious as the blood and flesh of an enemy; and that though human flesh was preferable to all others, he was fully satisfied with that which was given to him, as it relieved him from the fear of committing a crime.

"Having asked to see him naked, in order to make a drawing of him, he objected for a long time on account of religious scruples; but at length, by means of a rich present, I persuaded him to strip. I could then contemplate him at my ease without fearing to humiliate him. He was thin, wiry, and strong. His skin was black, shining, and soft as velvet; his arms and legs appeared weak, but nervous and full of muscle, and his ribs could be counted. He was so ugly as to be repulsive: his mouth was enormous, his lips thick, his teeth sharp, strong, and extremely white; he was very active and skilful; and his tail, *rather more than three inches long*, had as much flexibility as that of a monkey."

As if apprehensive of not having his own statements credited, M. du Courret, or, as he prefers to be called, Hadji-Abd-el-Hamed-Bey, does not neglect to quote the testimony of M. F. de Castelnau, another eminent traveller, who was formerly commissioned by the French government, to the existence of the tailed Niam-Niams; a testimony not, indeed, based like his own, on ocular demonstration, but on the statements of persons in whom M. de Castelnau placed the fullest confidence. We remember very well that in 1851 M. de Castelnau published a pamphlet on the subject, and that it was presented to the Academy of Sciences; it was noticed, indeed, in our Paris letter of the 29th of November in that year. Our author, Hadji, also states that M. d'Abbadie, another eminent African traveller, likewise heard of and believed in the men with tails, and in 1852 made a communication to the Geographical Society of Paris to that effect. M. Rocher d'Héricourt, who is also a distinguished traveller in the less-known parts of Africa, and the Imam of Muscat, who was in Paris in 1849, are, moreover, named as having given confirmatory evidence on the subject; and the brother-in-law of the Sultan of Bournou, one Si-el-Hadj-Mohammed-Ben-Abd-el-Djillili, has not only, says M. du Courret, vouched for the existence of the race, but has stated that the Sultan was at one time at war with them, and has sent drawings of several of them to some of the most learned naturalists at Paris.

Whether or not all this testimony be sufficient to prove the existence of a race of men with caudal appendages, is a matter for individual opinion. For ourselves, we will pronounce neither one way nor the other; for if, on the one hand, it be hard to believe that M. du Courret, M. de Castelnau, and other distinguished scientific men, are foolish victims of credulity, or dupes of impostors, on the other hand it is not a little singular that the precise whereabouts of the Niam-Niam

country is not described, and more singular still, that none of the tailed race should have yet been sent to Europe, though, as we are told in the book before us, they are by no means rare at Mecca, in the towns on the coasts of the Red Sea, and in the Arab slave markets. M. du Courret himself appears to feel this difficulty, for he says, in concluding his work,—

"If, as I hope, I return to Africa, I will not fail to occupy myself anew with this interesting question, and I will spare no pains to bring into France a living Ghilane, if it be possible, or, if not, at least the skeleton of one, in order to convince the most incredulous."

The Queens before the Conquest. By Mrs.

Matthew Hall. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett. MISS STRICKLAND has opened up a new vein of historical literature. To the 'Lives of the Queens of England' have been added lives of the Queens of Scotland, and Princesses of England, and Queens of France, and we know not how many more royal female biographies. Mrs. Hall has taken up the Queens of England before the Conquest, commencing with Carismandua and Boadicea, and ending with Editha the Good and Editha the Fair, the Queens of Edward the Confessor and of Harold. Although authentic facts relating to these early times are not abundant, there is no lack of stories, which the author describes as 'delightful to read, and pleasant to believe,' and she thinks that the historian need not neglect legends which Milton and Shakespeare have deigned to make use of in their immortal writings. From the lays of the Welsh bards, from Gildas, and Bede, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, and other monkish chroniclers, from Butler's 'Lives of the Saints' also, and a variety of sources, historical and legendary, Mrs. Hall has drawn the materials for her work, which presents a clear and connected series of records of the early female sovereigns of England, of whom only a few scattered anecdotes have hitherto been familiarly known to general readers. Whatever amount of credit may be attached to the historical narratives, the book is of great interest, as containing many notices of English life and manners in the remote times of our British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish ancestors. Viewed in this aspect, the lays of the bards and the stories of the monks are valuable records, and Mrs. Hall well remarks:—

"Even legends are of value in recording the history of past times, and in them the germ of important events connected with the establishment and progress of religion may be found. But for the Sagas we should know little of the early habits of northern nations; and to more than one ballad are we indebted for an historical fact, which might otherwise have been forgotten. To the perseverance and study of recluses, who spent their whole lives in producing one work, we owe much gratitude; that they were generally guided by a spirit of truth we cannot doubt, as they were aware that their labours would become known to many a contemporary and rival in whose power it was, even at that day, to confute a writer, if he asserted more than had been handed down by tradition: at all periods there were critics as well as authors, and, as almost every monastery could boast of its learned historian, there was no want of jealous observation of the productions of their literary brethren amongst the monks who filled up their leisure with similar pursuits. To the bards, who sang their compositions from country to country, was intrusted the sacred task of relating great events; they kept alive in their songs the valiant

deeds of heroes; their lays were faithfully repeated by the scribes, who committed them to writing, and, as time wore on, chroniclers sprang up, who, by diligent study, were able to understand and explain much that had become obscure to the uninitiated."

Of late years historians have devoted much more research than formerly to the internal condition of nations, and have thought it necessary to describe the domestic and social life and manners of the people, as well as the revolutions and wars, and other public events, which have been chiefly recorded. In writing the lives of the Queens of England before the Conquest, Mrs. Hall has been led into this line of inquiry, and has gathered many valuable and curious facts illustrative of old customs and manners. These notices being scattered incidentally through the work, we are unable in detached extracts to exhibit what we deem the most interesting results of the author's labours, but we give the following passages from the account of the mother and the wife of King Alfred. King Ethelwulf was a prince of quiet and virtuous disposition, little ambitious, and "content to choose as his wife, instead of some foreign princess of higher pretensions, the good and pious Osburga, the daughter of his cup-bearer." This was the mother of Alfred the Great:—

"As Osburga is never named by historians as remarkable for personal attractions, her merit, no doubt, recommended her to the notice of the sovereign; her 'industry,' as well as her piety, is, however, the theme of all the chroniclers; and from the few anecdotes which have been handed down respecting her, there is reason to suppose that she, like many princesses who preceded her, was acquainted with literature, which at that time had attained a very remarkable height of excellence, owing to the exertions of learned churchmen. It would have been interesting to posterity, if the writers who mention Queen Osburga's diligence had described some of the elaborate work which occupied her leisure; such performances being considered so important, that a minute account of them was not looked upon as beneath the dignity of history, there have come down to us many charming and curious specimens of Saxon art in the form of needlework, of which details are given; and from the talent in the family of Osburga, her own may be surmised. We know that some of her great-grandchildren, daughters of Edward the Elder, were particularly noted for their skill in this feminine accomplishment, and that her piety also was inherited in an eminent degree by her children.

"Queen Osburga had five sons, all of whom, except the first, who died in infancy, successively wore the English crown after their father's death. The youngest of these princes was born A.D. 849, at Wanating, or Wantage, a royal manor-house of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, where Osburga was at that time residing. This child, no other than he who was afterwards known as Alfred the Great, seems from his earliest infancy to have awakened the tenderest interest in those around him, especially of his fond parents, whose favourite he is reported to have been. As soon as the Prince was old enough to receive the instructions of any preceptor, he was consigned by his mother to the care of St. Swithin, then Bishop of Winchester.

"It is recorded that Osburga was one day seated in the chamber with her children, holding in her hand an illuminated book of Saxon poetry (how precious would be the volume, could it be recovered!) which the brothers were eagerly looking over. Observing their admiration, and taking advantage of it, their mother observed, playfully, 'Whichever of you shall first learn this book, shall have it as a gift.' All were delighted at the idea, Alfred, the youngest, in particular, who, looking up into her eyes, gravely asked her if she were

really in earnest. She assured him that she meant what she said, as she desired to see her sons learned men. Upon this the child begged that the book might be entrusted to him to carry to his master, and he shortly after returned with it, able to recite all the poems it contained. Of course the beautiful prize was awarded by the gratified Osburga, who hailed this first indication of her favourite son's perseverance with maternal delight!

"Alfred required all a mother's care in his early life, as he was afflicted with a painful malady from an infant; and many were the vows offered up for his recovery at various shrines. Osburga's prayers at a certain church in Cornwall were supposed to have at length relieved him of his complaint to a great extent. As his health, however, was always delicate, it might have been the cause of his father resolving to make him the partner of his pilgrimage to Rome, though the child was then only five years of age, and the charge of him must have been a most anxious one. Osburga saw him depart, no doubt, with painful hope; and the result of her husband's journey, however happy for her son, showed that her presentiment of evil was but too well founded as regarded herself.

"It is unexplained for what reason, at this time Osburga appears no longer to share the throne of Ethelwulf: whether they parted in fulfilment of some vow, common at this period, which might have had reference to the health of Alfred, or whether, as was equally common, she was repudiated, that her husband might be at liberty to marry the Princess Judith, of France, remains in uncertainty. Some writers have asserted that, though no longer acknowledged Queen, Osburga, after this marriage, resumed her duties, and superintended the education of her children, which is not impossible, as the new Queen was only twelve years old, but is little probable.

"Asser, the contemporary and friend of Alfred, wrote his biography, yet, strangely enough, he tells nothing of the remaining history of Osburga. That she died before her favourite son became king is certain, and it is most likely before the death of her husband; but this is left to conjecture, though some assert that it was to divert his grief for her loss that the pilgrimage to Rome of Ethelwulf was undertaken.

"Her tomb was shown at Coventry, where her memory was cherished, and she was canonized as a saint, according to the custom of the day. From this circumstance it may be thought that she retired into a convent, and died in the odour of sanctity."

Our next extract relates to Elswitha, the wife of Alfred:—

"A singularly romantic legendary account exists of the first introduction of Alfred the Great to his future consort Elswitha. Alfred, like Haroun al Rashid, was fond of visiting and informing himself of the condition of every class of his subjects. On one occasion he set out, accompanied by a courtier named Ethelbert, and in his rambles stopped at the house of Albanac, a chieftain of rank and power, whose name would indicate his descent to have been rather British than Saxon. This nobleman received his sovereign with welcome, and his wife and three daughters, all of whom were extremely beautiful, attended on him, as was the custom. The dignified deportment of Elswitha, one of the young Saxon ladies, and the grace and elegance of her person, eclipsed that of her sisters at supper, when waiting upon the King. Alfred was much attracted with her charms, and praised her beauty in glowing terms. The impression made upon him was observed by Albanac, who, when the company separated for the night, communicated his suspicions to his wife. The King, on his part, at retiring, had confided to Ethelbert his admiration of Elswitha, who, with a courtier's tact, approved of his choice. Next morning, when day broke, Albanac presented himself at the door of his royal guest, requesting immediate admittance. The King bade him enter; on which, to his surprise, he beheld Albanac, with a drawn sword in his hand, conducting his three daughters, who, clad in the deepest mourning, seemed over-

whelmed with the most poignant distress. 'What is it I see?' exclaimed Alfred. 'A father,' returned Albanac, 'whose honour is more dear to him than life itself. You are my King, and I am your subject, but not your slave. You are well acquainted with my illustrious ancestors, and it is now proper you should know my sentiments. Last night you discovered a particular attention to my daughter. If you have conceived the idea of dishonouring my house, you see the sword that shall in an instant sacrifice these unhappy victims, willing to sacrifice themselves; but if a pure flame is kindled in your breast, my alliance will not disgrace the crown: choose, therefore, and name her that is born to such distinguished honour!'

"This somewhat abrupt proceeding, the legend goes on to say, did not displease Alfred, who, appreciating the noble and daring courage of the father of Elswitha, immediately professed his readiness to make her his wife, and she was soon afterwards Queen. That the King had chosen his partner wisely, was proved by subsequent events. Elswitha was virtuous and amiable, and inspired her noble husband with a lasting affection for her.

"The real history of his marriage is merely that his wife Elswitha was the daughter of Ethelfrid, surnamed Mucil, Ealdorman of Mercia; and that her mother was nobly born, being Eadburga of the royal house of Mercia. Alfred was just twenty when he married, and during the nuptial festivities, which lasted several days, he was seized with an alarming malady, from which, it is said, 'he enjoyed scarcely a day's respite during more than twenty years of his useful and active life.'

"He never, however, allowed the acute pain of his malady to interfere with his manly resolution; and by the force of his extraordinary will, contrived to master his bodily sufferings, which are, indeed, said rather to have strengthened his mental energy.

"Elswitha was deeply attached to her husband, and to judge from his character, her own conduct, and the merits of her family, she was not only a good wife, but a happy mother.

"The companion of Alfred in prosperity, Elswitha shared with him his adverse fortunes. At a moment when almost every friend and adherent had forsaken the King, we find him contriving the erection of a fortress, in a place of security, his first object being to remove Elswitha and her children to a spot free from danger, which he happily succeeded in effecting. After nine successive years spent in bravely encountering those fierce enemies of England, the Danes, Alfred retreated for temporary security into the little isle of Athelney, a spot of rising ground on the north side of Stanmoor, bounded on the north-west by the river Thone, over which there is a wooden bridge, still called Athelney Bridge. 'Alfred built a castle in Athelney, and made it a very strong hold, and forcing a way unto it by a bridge or causey; for guard of the way, he built on either side a tower.' This ever-memorable place was anciently environed with almost impassable marshes and morasses, and could only be approached by a boat: it had, moreover, a very large wood of alders, 'which harboured stags, wild goats, and other beasts.' Such was the place of refuge of the King and Queen and their children, who lodged in a small house belonging to St. Athelwine, formerly a hermit there, son of King Knulfus.

"During this period of adversity, it is on record that Alfred experienced many privations, one of the greatest being the want of provisions: so that of a severe winter, which set in under such unfavourable circumstances for the royal family, a characteristic tale is told. The King's attendants were one day out on the perilous expedition of fishing, for the Danes were near—a requisite duty to provide for the daily necessity, from which Alfred and Elswitha were alone exempted. The King employed himself with reading, the Queen with her domestic occupations. At this moment a poor pilgrim, passing the gate, implored the monarch for a morsel of food. Alfred, calling to Elswitha, requested her to give the man a portion

of her provision. It is said that their whole store consisted of but one loaf, and the equally humane Queen hesitated a moment in the act of charity. Alfred, however, was not to be deterred by any selfish consideration from his generous purpose. He readily bestowed the half of his slender store on the mendicant, consoling himself and his Queen with the reflection, that the benevolent hand which could supply the necessities of five thousand with but five loaves and two fishes, would doubtless provide for their future wants. Satisfaction and resignation accompanied this beneficent action, which was rewarded by the speedy return of their companions, laden with an ample store of provisions.

"After Alfred quitted this retreat, and had subdued his enemies, he founded on the spot a monastery for Benedictine monks, to commemorate his gratitude to Heaven for the shelter it had afforded to himself and his family: this religious foundation was liberally endowed both by Alfred and his successors on the throne."

Alfred died in the year A.D. 900, upon which we are told—

"Queen Elswitha retired to the Abbey of St. Mary, Winchester. Eadburga, daughter of Edward the Elder, was abbess of this establishment, which followed the Benedictine rule, and was so popular that her name as patroness of the abbey was joined to that of the Virgin Mary, to whom it was dedicated. Elswitha, admiring the virtues of her grand-daughter Eadburga, and also witnessing the tranquillity enjoyed by her daughter the Abbess of Shaftesbury, resolved to pass her declining years in religious seclusion. In the establishment and society of the Abbess Eadburga she died, A.D. 904, having survived her excellent husband only four years."

We give one other extract from the history of Emma of Normandy, the wife of Ethelred the Unready, and afterwards of Canute the Great:—

"It was on the occasion of Canute's visit to Ely, accompanied by Queen Emma and the nobles of the court, when they were gliding along the river in their barge, that the king himself composed that little Saxon ballad of which, unfortunately, one single stanza alone has been preserved. As the royal party approached the church the monks were at their devotions, and the sweetness of their melody was so attractive to the King, that he ordered his rowers to pause near the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and to move gently while he listened to the harmony of the voices which came floating from the summit of the high rock before him. So great was his delight that it broke forth in the following poem.

'Merie sunge the muneces binnen Ely,
Tha Canut ching reuther by:
Roweth enites ner the land,
And here we thes muneces sang.'

'Merry sang the monks in Ely,
When King Canute sailed by:
Row, Knights, near the land,
And let us hear the monks' song.'

Probably Canute sang these lines to some musical instrument, like the minstrels. It is much to be regretted that the rest is lost. It has been thought that this poem is not so early as the time of Canute, and Lappenburg's learned editor, Dr. Thorpe, considers it no older than the thirteenth century. However this may be, as regards the language of the songs as handed down to us, there is no reason to doubt that the King might actually have composed such a poem, if indeed it did not proceed from the cultivated mind of Queen Emma herself, which is by no means impossible. When the barbarous deeds of the personages of those times are considered, it is a fact which creates extreme surprise that the ideas expressed in ballads and poems by the minstrels of that very period should be so full of delicacy and refined feeling. In the sagas there is an occasional gentleness and tenderness, where love and beauty are the themes, which contrast singularly with the records of burning, slaying, and outrages of all kinds perpetrated by the heroes.

The charms of nature and the beauties of scenery appear to be fully appreciated by the 'barbarians,' who, if they acted like savages in some respects, seem to have the less excuse, as their songs prove, that though they 'pursued the wrong,' they knew 'the right.'

"Canute and Emma were great encouragers of church building; and to them may be attributed some of the most celebrated in England, as well as several in Normandy, which 'time, war, flood, and fire' have spared to the present time, to prove the wondrous powers of architects and carvers in the early ages, never to be even approached in excellence by later and more enlightened artists."

Of the misfortunes of Emma in the latter years of her life, and of her trial by ordeal in Winchester Cathedral, by walking over red-hot ploughshares, when accused of crimes by her enemies, a long account is given, and the story of her life thus concludes.

"Emma was, most probably by her own request, buried by the side of her Danish husband; in this particular King Edward testifying a respect he had failed to show to his mother when living; thus, the church that witnessed her trial, contained her remains. Her son Hardicanute also rested in Winchester Cathedral, by the side of his parents. The tomb of Emma bore an inscription in rude Latin lines, setting forth that the Queen who reposed there was wife to two, and mother to two English monarchs.

"Emma was great-aunt to William the Conqueror, that King being second cousin to her two sons, Edward the Confessor and Hardicanute; and, as such, entitled far more justly to the English crown than Harold, the son of Godwin, who built his claim on his own power, and being brother of the Confessor's childless queen, the fair and harshly-treated Edith.

"The struggles and vicissitudes of Queen Emma were many; and her character is one which cannot be contemplated without exciting reflection. By turns triumphant and persecuted, she offers a remarkable instance of perseverance, courage, and ambition. Of human failing she had her share: her virtues were obscured by her too great desire of power, and she sacrificed much to obtain the end to which all her aspirations were directed. The most pleasing feature in her disposition is, her attachment to her husband Canute; with whose interests she identified herself, and for whose son she exerted all the energies of her powerful and active mind. She was less just to her children by her first marriage, but the circumstances of the time are a strong excuse for her conduct to them, as, of course, the suspicion of her causing the death of one must be at once dismissed.

"That Emma was amongst the most remarkable personages of her period will be allowed by all, and her influence on the country over which she reigned, renders her biography one of the most interesting of any of the British Queens. The name of Queen Emma has been kept alive by tradition, and has more than once 'adorned a tale.'

"As late as the year 1338, when Adam de Orleton, bishop of Winchester, visited his cathedral priory of St. Swithin, in that city, a minstrel named Herbert was introduced, who sung the song of Colbrond, a Danish giant, and the tale of 'Queen Emma delivered from the Ploughshares,' in the hall of the Prior, Alexander de Herriard."

In the lives of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, in those of Guenever the First, Second, and Third, the successive queens of King Arthur, and in other of the biographies, many strange stories are gravely narrated. How far Mrs. Hall herself distinguishes between fact and legend it is difficult to discover, but the intelligent reader of the book will easily perceive what portions are to be used for information, and what for mere entertainment. The original authorities for the statements in the text are in general carefully given in foot-notes.

Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan. By the late John Lloyd Stephens. Revised from the latest American edition, by Frederick Catherwood. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

OF Mr. Stephens's 'Incidents of Travel in Central America,' this is the first edition that has appeared in this country. Mr. Catherwood, his friend and fellow-traveller, in preparing the present volume for the English press, has curtailed that portion of the original narrative which does not bear upon the chief object of the journey—the exploration of the ruined cities of these regions. The following brief biographical notice of Mr. Stephens is prefixed to the work:—

"Mr. John Lloyd Stephens, the second son of Mr. Benjamin Stephens, was born at Shrewsbury in the State or New Jersey, in the United States of America, in the year 1805. Until the age of thirteen, Mr. Stephens studied at the school of Mr. Nelson, who, although blind, is described as an admirable teacher of the classics. For four years Mr. Stephens pursued his studies at Columbia College, New York, afterwards entered a law school, and when of age was admitted to the practice of the legal profession.

"In the year 1834, the state of Mr. Stephens's health rendering it necessary for him to travel abroad, he visited many of the countries of Europe, extending his tour to Egypt and Syria. On his return to New York, he published 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, Petraea, and the Holy Land,' followed very shortly by 'Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.'

"These works were received with great favour, and were very extensively read in the United States; and in this country have been several times reprinted, establishing Mr. Stephens's reputation as an excellent and agreeable writer of Travel and Narrative.

"In 1839 Mr. Stephens and myself made arrangements for a tour in Central America, with a view to the examination of the remains of ancient art said to exist in the dense forests of those tropical regions.

"Our preparations were scarcely completed, when Mr. Leggett, who was on the point of setting out as United States Minister for that country, died very suddenly, and upon application for it, Mr. Stephens immediately received the appointment. We had some misgivings lest it should interfere with our antiquarian pursuits, but Mr. Stephens contrived, as the reader will find, to combine the chase after a Government with a successful hunt for ruined cities. Our journey occupied about seven or eight months of the years 1839 and 1840. The results of our researches were published in 1841. In the autumn of that year we resumed our travels, and explored the Peninsula of Yucatan, and in 1843 a second work was brought out. After our last visit to Yucatan, we were urged to pursue the researches so successfully carried on in Central America by a journey to Peru, and Mr. Prescott, the admirable historian of that country, was of opinion that much useful information would thereby have been elicited. Mr. Stephens was, however, disinclined to undertake so distant an expedition, and was confirmed in this resolve by my being obliged to absent myself for several years on a professional engagement in the West Indies; he therefore remained in New York, and undertook the formation of the first American Ocean Steam Navigation Company, which in the end has proved highly successful. He next visited the Isthmus of Panama, with the view of forming a railway across the narrow but difficult neck of land that separates the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

"A Company was formed, of which he subsequently became the President, and a concession for the line was obtained from the Government of New Granada. The necessary surveys were made, and the works began in 1850. Having completed my engagement in the West Indies, I rejoined Mr. Stephens to assist in his great enterprise of span-

ning the Isthmus with a road of iron, and took charge of the works while he made a second journey to Santa Fé de Bogotá, the capital of New Granada. We expected to meet in a few months, but Mr. Stephens's health, already much shattered by exposure in tropical regions, and mine still more so by a seven months' residence in one of the most unhealthy climates in the world, separated us for nearly two years; Mr. Stephens going to New York to recruit his strength, and I to California for the same object. Subsequently Mr. Stephens returned to the Isthmus, and by long and incautious exposure in that deadly climate in forwarding the interests of the Railway Company, brought on a disease which terminated fatally in the autumn of 1852."

All the illustrations which appeared in the American edition are given in the present volume, and some additional ones, which are published for the first time from the original drawings and sketches. The novelty and importance of the discoveries made by Mr. Stephens render his work of great interest, and the style of his narrative is highly attractive. Should this volume be favourably received by the British public, of which we have little doubt, Mr. Catherwood intends to publish another work, containing an account of travels in Yucatan in 1841 and 1842, subsequent to those narrated in the present volume. Little additional knowledge has been obtained concerning these regions since they were explored by the enterprising and intelligent American travellers. When the Panama railway is completed, and the countries of Central America become the scenes of more frequent intercourse with other parts of the world, the value of Mr. Stephens's researches and descriptions will be more generally recognised. Meanwhile, in his 'Incidents of Travel,' he has recorded many remarkable facts relating to countries upon the past history of which there still rests much mysterious interest, along with authentic details as to their present physical and political condition. We quote the account given by Mr. Stephens of the report of the ancient Indian cities of Guatemala, of which much was said last year when the so-called Aztecs were exhibited in London:—

"The padre's first curacy was at Coban, in the province of Vera Paz; and he told us that four leagues from that place was another ancient city, as large as Santa Cruz del Quiché, deserted and desolate, and almost as perfect as when abandoned by its inhabitants. He had wandered through its silent streets and over its gigantic buildings, and its palace was as entire as that of Quiché, when he first saw it. This is within 200 miles of Guatemala, and in a district of country not disturbed by war; yet, with all our inquiries, we had heard nothing of it. And now, the information really grieved us. Going to the place would add 800 miles to our journey. Our plans were fixed, our time already limited; and in that wild country and its unsettled state, we had superstitious apprehensions that it was ominous to return. My impression, however, of the existence of such a city is most strong. I do most earnestly hope that some future traveller will visit it. He will not hear of it even at Guatemala, and perhaps will be told that it does not exist. Nevertheless, let him seek for it; and if he do find it, experience sensations which seldom fall to the lot of man.

"But the padre told us more; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch. On the other side of the great traversing range of Cordilleras lies the district of Vera Paz, once called Tierra de Guerra, or land of war, from the warlike character of its aboriginal inhabitants. Three times the Spaniards were driven back in their attempts to conquer it.

"At this day the north-eastern section, bounded by the range of the Cordilleras and the state of

Chiapas, is occupied by Candelones or unbaptized Indians, who live as their fathers did, acknowledging no submission to the Spaniards, and the government of Central America does not pretend to exercise any control over them. But the thing that roused us was the assertion by the padre that, four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labour climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, from which, at a height of 10,000 or 12,000 feet, he looked over an immense plain extending toward Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditional account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals except fowls, and the cocks they keep under ground to prevent their crowing being heard.

"There was a wild novelty—something that touched the imagination—in every step of our journey in that country; the old padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an everyday life. If he be right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more exciting and attractive presents itself to my mind, and the deep impression of that night will never be effaced.

"Can it be true? Being now in my sober senses, I do verily believe there is much ground to suppose that what the padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the government of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to enter it, I am satisfied. From other sources we heard that from that sierra a large ruined city was visible, and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see anything. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied. We had a craving desire to reach the mysterious city. No man, even if willing to peril his life, could undertake the enterprise with any hope of success, without hovering for one or two years on the borders of the country, studying the language and character of the adjoining Indians, and making acquaintance with some of the natives. Five hundred men could probably march directly to the city, and the invasion would be more justifiable than any ever made by the Spaniards; but the government is too much occupied with its own wars, and the knowledge could not be procured except at the price of blood. Two young men of good constitution, and who could afford to spare five years, might succeed. If the object of search prove a phantom, in the wild scenes of a new and unexplored country there are other objects of interest; but if real, besides the glorious excitement of such a novelty, they will have something to look back upon through life. As to dangers, they are always magnified, and, in general, peril is discovered soon enough for escape. But in all proba-

bility, if any discovery is ever made it will be by the padres. As for ourselves, to attempt it alone, ignorant of the language, and with moscos who were a constant annoyance to us, was out of the question. The most we thought of was to climb to the top of the sierra, thence to look down upon the mysterious city; but we had difficulties enough in the road before us; it would add ten days to a journey already most appalling in prospective; for days the sierra might be covered with clouds; in attempting too much we might lose all; Palenque was our great point, and we determined not to be diverted from the course we had marked out."

Whatever may be thought of this strange story, the actual discoveries of ruined cities, temples, and inscriptions, made by Mr. Stephens, are sufficiently wonderful. Of Copan and its monumental remains copious descriptive details are given, with numerous engravings from drawings by Mr. Catherwood.

The Jordan and the Rhine; being the Result of Five Years' Residence in Syria, and Five Years' Residence in Germany. By the Rev. William Graham. Partridge, Oakey, and Co.

MR. GRAHAM'S work is made up of most heterogeneous materials, and possesses little in common with ordinary books of travel. It is neither a journal nor a narrative, though the title-page speaks the truth in describing it as 'the result' of five years' residence in Syria, and five in Germany. Scraps of sermons, expositions of scripture, meditations in prose and musings in verse, with more formidable disquisitions on the supremacy of the Pope and German Rationalism, are mixed up with notices of the author's life and occupations, and with descriptions of the places where he resided as a missionary. One thing alone gives the semblance of unity to the miscellaneous contents, the object of the volume being declared to be "the illustration and defence of the word of God;" for which object, says Mr. Graham, "I wish to use all, what I have read, what I have seen, and what I have heard; reason, imagination, and reflection. I would use history, philosophy, and religion; the customs and laws of nations; criticism, poetry, and superstition; everything that comes in the way of a man who has travelled much and read more." The design of the author is very commendable, and may justify his labour as a Christian minister, and a contributor to the illustration of the Sacred Scriptures; but as our business is with the book chiefly in a literary point of view, we cannot approve of an author sending to the press unsorted bales of manuscript, on all possible varieties of subjects, and with the somewhat deceptive assertion of the book being the result of the writer's residence in foreign parts. Half the volume might have been written in a rectory or a manse at home, without Syria or Germany having ever been visited, and many of the chapters have as little to do with the Rhine or the Jordan as with the Thames or the Liffey.

Having thought it right to say thus much on the equivocal title and irregular form of Mr. Graham's book, we have pleasure in bearing testimony to the varied and valuable nature of its contents. It is the production of a man of shrewd observation, good scholarship, and earnest piety. Biblical students and annotators will here find many remarkable facts illustrative of the sacred scriptures. The general reader will obtain much insight into life and manners in the

countries where the author resided. The part of the volume relating to Germany has less novelty and interest than that in which oriental life is described, numerous as the recent volumes of travels in Syria and these regions have been. There is some truth in the account Mr. Graham gives of the majority of these works. "How many books of travels," he says, "have appeared since I went to Damascus! and most of them owe all they contain about Damascus to the missionaries, or the scanty information of muleteers. It must be so. A traveller arrives in the city, he has no friend in it, knows not a word of the language, his interpreter too can neither translate nor put together correctly a single sentence; how can he know anything of the people? He is asked to spend a day with the missionaries; he accepts the invitation, pumps them thoroughly, and in the forthcoming book of travels Damascus occupies a conspicuous place." There is truth with a little exaggeration here, and probably Mr. Graham has had one or more special cases in sore remembrance when he wrote. His own residence in Damascus enables him to give some striking pictures of the city and its people. In the following account of the walls of the city, the poetical descriptions of Lamartine are estimated at their true worth as statements of facts:—

"Lamartine describes square towers pierced with openings sculptured in arabesque; their columns, like twisted reeds, surmounted by battlements rounded in the shape of turbans; walls cased with yellow and black marble, alternated in elegant taste. All this is purely imaginary, and, like many other of his descriptions, gives no idea of the reality. Fanciful colourings are, however, the least fault of this fascinating writer; he listens, believes, and retails all that he hears, dilated and glorified in the prism of his own poetic fancy. He discovers Zebdani; gives Damascus 400,000 inhabitants; makes the Armenians in it 30,000, though the whole Christian population is below 20,000. Can obtain an agreeable house for 2*l.* a year, and makes 13*l.* a respectable and sufficient salary; places 40,000 Christians in Bagdad; surrounds Damascus with kiosks and country-houses of exquisite beauty; makes the stone or mud walls either granite or marble, and declares that Constantinople has ever been, and must for ever be, the capital of the world! For all which I know no better apology than Dryden's, that the poets succeed best in fiction. He waters the city and the plain with the seven streams of the blue river, of which I heard nothing during my long residence in Damascus. I have often seen the Brada, which signifies cold, from the refreshing coolness of its waters, and admired the foaming violence with which it breaks through the mountain-barriers that it may irrigate and lose itself in the noble plain. It is not divided into seven streams, but it is drawn off into thousands of canals of every size, and in every direction, to fertilise the noble gardens that surround Damascus, and form those charming fountains which lend such freshness and beauty to the streets, courts, and chambers of that city. The gates of the city deserve no special attention: they are stout substantial gates, moving not on hinges, but on the elongated posts; the same may be said of the doors and window-shutters. They all swing on elongated posts, extending about an inch into grooves cut into the lintels and thresholds. The city has four principal gates, but the whole interior is filled with them, and every street is, after gate-shutting, effectually separated from its fellows by shut gates. This has its advantages, as it presents formidable impediments to the escape of thieves; and in the case of an attack would, if the inhabitants were earnest warriors, prolong the defence almost indefinitely. Was it in this way that Thebes had its hundred gates?"

Let us take a peep into the rooms of a

Damascus house, and see the general arrangements of the Moslem homes:—

"The floor is of two levels: the first or lowest, into which you enter, contains a fountain with several spouts of water, is paved with marble, has racks for pipes, recesses in the walls for nargelies, cups, &c., and other conveniences for the household. Here the slaves wait the will of their masters, and here you put off the slippers before you ascend to the second level, where the mats are spread and the family sitting. Over this fountain is suspended from the highest part of the ceiling a chandelier, with a great many little glass lamps, whose various lights, mingling with the waters and reflected from them, produce a very beautiful effect. The second level is twelve or eighteen inches higher than the first, and is the place appropriated to the family: it is often separated from the lower part by a little railing of wood or stone. Mats are spread upon the earthen floor, and round the walls mattresses, three feet or three feet and a half broad, are spread out for the accommodation of the family, upon the mats or upon low wooden frames four or six inches in height. This is customary in Damascus, and adds not a little to the cleanness and comfort of the rooms. Thus, then, you have round the room these low wooden frames, upon which the mattresses are spread, and in the angle at the walls a row of pillars, stuffed with cotton wool, covered with furniture cotton-cloth from English looms, and sometimes faced with silk damask and velvet. Here you rest in the heat of the day, with your feet drawn up underneath you and your body reclining against the cushions, and here too you sleep with a coverlet thrown over you, for separate bed-rooms are unknown. This is your grand reception room; the place of honour is the corner; the honoured guest sits at the right hand; the position is sitting upon the feet; the attendants are black slaves; the hospitalities are pipes, coffee, sherbet, fruits, sweetmeats, &c., when the dinner hour is not arrived. In Jewish and Christian families these are presented by the mistress of the house (John xii. 2), the sweets are all taken by the same spoon, and the lady of the house takes the first sop. The slave, in presenting anything, lays his hand upon his heart, and in reply to your commands says, 'Upon my head and upon my eye,' which means—to hear is to obey; if I fail, let me lose the head and the eye. But you have spoken of mats on the floor, and divans round the walls. What is the furniture of our room? There is none; chairs and tables are wanting; pianos, organs, and ottomans are wanting, and all those elegant little things, under the tasteful arrangement of the European lady, set off a room so much. The whole centre of the room is empty; the air has free liberty to circulate, and the imagination is gratified by lofty ceilings and a large vacant space. There are no fires nor fire-places in these rooms; indeed the chimney is a new invention. The Greeks and Romans had none of them; no trace of them is discoverable in Herculaneum and Pompeii; ancient painting and sculpture are silent on this point, nor has any one passage been discovered in the literature of antiquity which refers to or expresses the idea of a chimney. In the winter season you heat these Damascus rooms with the mongol, viz.: a chafing-dish filled with red-hot charcoal placed before you on the floor. The windows have shutters, are generally without glass, and always without curtains and blinds. Clocks are not used in the houses, as the public crier announces the hour from the mosque, yet most people wear Grecian or Constantinople watches. The walls have neither paintings nor pictures, as the Moslems avoid the very appearance of idolatry; at the height of twenty feet or so, there is a framework of wood round the entire room, which seems to be a mere custom, and without any use; it is about a foot and a half broad, and the wealthy Mohammedans often place upon it a row of very costly large old China bowls. There are no banks for money; silver bars are easily stolen, and hence not a little of the extra wealth is treasured up in merchants' houses in the shape of old China. Time does not injure it, and there is always a ready

price for it in the market. Beneath this framework the room is ornamented with beautiful broad pannels of finely-carved wood, upon which sentences from the Koran, or lines from the ancient poets, are written in large raised letters of gold, with great ingenuity and exquisite taste. Indeed, in penmanship, the Orientals far surpass us; sometimes the entire room, from the framework down, is wainscotted with cedar-wood, and cut, paneled, and carved with immense labour, and in every conceivable form. This adds more to the beauty than the comfort of the rooms, inasmuch as the wood-work instantly becomes the habitation or camp of innumerable squadrons of bugs, who attack you without mercy, and which no human ingenuity has yet been able to banish. The doors of these rooms all open into the court, and never into one another; the windows do the same, and are strongly grated with iron bars, a significant hint to troublesome ladies and disobedient slaves! The ceilings are lofty and ornate; beautiful carving, interspersed with numerous little looking-glasses, relieves and gratifies the eye, and very often the circular centre-piece is composed of massive embossment, in which a gigantic serpent, displaying its beautiful folds and glancing eyes, seems ready to spring upon you. Let the sun now shed his golden beams through the upper windows, which are of beautiful stained glass; let the golden letters in pannels upon the walls appear in their beauty; let hundreds of little looking-glasses above and around you reflect and multiply every object and movement; place a number of richly-clothed Turks with long beards and flowing robes upon the divan amidst soft mattresses and velvet cushions, with long pipes in their mouths; add to all this the unceasing murmur of falling waters, and you have a scene really beautiful and truly Oriental. This, however, is a fine Damascus room, and you are not to suppose that all the others are like it save in the general outlines; on the contrary, most of the houses and rooms, courts and passages, are mean and filthy in the last degree, and give you a very low idea of the comfort and civilization of the land."

Mr. Graham then describes the harem, the word denoting both the apartments of the ladies, and the ladies themselves. The Moslem may legally have four wives, but in Damascus, as elsewhere, the majority are contented with one at a time:—

"You are not to suppose that most, or even many, of the Moslems, have four wives; they are prevented by poverty, by affection, and by the great law of nature, which created the human race, male and female, at the beginning, and keeps the numbers of males and females nearly equal in all ages. In Damascus very many have but one wife, and though divorce may, and does multiply the facilities for having a variety of wives, yet I am led to think that though two wives are frequent, three or four are very rare, and that perhaps the majority are contented with one at a time. The last married wife is generally the favourite for the time being, and the others must submit to her control. These different wives, if the husband can at all afford it, are kept in different houses, or even in different cities. When this is not possible, the four wives and families dwelling in the same habitation make it not unfrequently a scene of noise and boisterous confusion."

In another part of the volume Mr. Graham gives an oriental scene, illustrating the blessings of polygamy:—

"The place is the holy city of Damascus, famous, according to the opinion of the natives, as affording the best air, the best water, and the best food in the world—the city of Eliezer at the time of Abraham, 3774 years ago—the city of the caliphs, ruling over a larger empire than that of Augustus—a city which, sacked and spoiled, spoiled and sacked, always rises from its ruins phoenix-like, as vigorous as before, and possesses at the present time 100,000 souls. Enter—the streets are narrow, dusty, crooked, and filled with lank, howling, hungry dogs; the sun is shedding forth his noon-day splen-

dours from his flaming meridian; the innumerable fountains in the streets, in the courts, and in the rooms, are lulling you to softness and repose with their gentle murmurs; the sky is serene and cloudless, reminding of the fine Scripture expression, 'The body of heaven in its pureness'; while the wild piercing cry of Muezzin, telling the hour and inviting to prayer, proclaims the triumphs of the Crescent and the doctrines of Islam. There is a strange quiet and inactivity everywhere; no carriages rolling along the streets, no rattling of machinery, no crowds of busy bustling men hastening to and fro as in our large towns. It seems a city of the dead, but yet the people are alive. Knock at that respectable-looking door, and let us take a peep at the interior of the building. It belongs to a wealthy Moslem, and shows you a good specimen of the barbaric splendour in which extremes, inconsistencies, and contradictions are all blended together. Out of silver vessels you will eat rice with your fingers; turbans and girdles that cost one hundred pounds each you will see on barefooted gentlemen of the East; costly furniture, flowing fountains, lofty ceilings, stately solemn personal deportment, strangely commingled with dirt and pollution of all kinds, with extreme ignorance and intolerable assumptions of superiority. Enter the house. What is this? There is strange confusion in the splendid mansion, and it seems as if the Oriental life as well as our own had its troubles. The whole scene reminds one of an Irish row, and was originated in the following way. Four wives live in the house, and they have all families. The children come together in the common court, and after playing awhile, they begin to fight; then the mothers come and take the part of their children, which adds not a little to the confusion. Shortly after the female slaves join in the tumult, and with shouting and yelling, augment the vehemence of the broil; then, lastly, a few eunuchs raise their sweet voices (the eunuch's voice is the sweetest in the world—the Pope's choir, they say, must be eunuchs) in the midst of the uproar, and the picture of the four-wived Mohammedan's domestic happiness is complete! He enters; his gait is portly, his look is haughty and commanding, his word should prevail as law; but no—he can make neither head nor tail of the matter—the diversity and vehemence of their mutual clamours and accusations bewilder him, and he cannot even get a hearing. He retires slowly from the scene of contention and claps his hands for his attendant slave—'Jacob, bring me a pipe; there is no use in interference; let them fight it out among themselves. God has created them from a crooked rib.' So saying, he reclines on the divan, and enjoys his pipe and coffee as if nothing had occurred. Such are the blessings of polygamy."

In the preface to his volume, Mr. Graham offers some remarks on the political affairs of the East, which deserve consideration as coming from one who well knows the condition of these countries. We give the following statement of the author's views on the Turkish government without comment:—

"What is meant by the Turkish Government? It means the Government of the House of Othman, in Constantinople, over kingdoms and provinces acquired by plunder and conquest. The Turks are a small horde of warlike barbarians, who for centuries have subjected to their power Christians, Jews, and Moslems. Their dominion is not merely that of one religion over another, but also of one nation over many nations. The Egyptians, Syrians, and Greeks, be they Moslems, Christians, or Jews, detest the Turks as foreign conquerors and oppressors. The Turkish Government in Damascus is as foreign and detested as the French Government in Berlin was. Everything shows the rule of a stranger. The Pasha, and his clique from Constantinople, speak Turkish, while Arabic is the language of the people; therefore, his commands, his edicts, his courts of justice, must be administered by agents and interpreters. A few years ago, the Damascenes rose up and

burned the palace of their Pasha, as a proof of their detestation of foreign tyranny.

"Is there religious liberty in the Turkish empire? Among certain classes there is, and the principle is making progress. It is a fact that there is a great body of Protestant in the empire, and their numbers and influence are increasing rapidly, and to them we must look for the true principles of religious liberty. A Protestant missionary labouring among Jews and Christians has more liberty in the Turkish empire than in any other country, save England, America, and Belgium. You may labour in Damascus abundantly among Jews, Papists, and Greeks; they are all equally dogs and swine, though of a different aspect and colour, and whether a few of them change their colour or not, makes no difference in the mind of the Moslem ruler. But touch not the true believer at your peril! The Moslem who changes his religion must, by the law of the Koran, die the death, and he shall die to this day with infallible certainty, notwithstanding all the rumours and plaudits that have been raised about the religious liberties of the East. In this respect the Moslems are as much persecutors by principle as the Papists themselves. The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Commander of the Faithful, are of one mind in this matter. I now, therefore, put the question to the British nation and government, 'Is it lawful for a Moslem to become a Christian in the Turkish empire? Is he sure of his life and property if he does?' I assert that to this hour both these questions must be answered in the negative; and now is the time, when our fleets and our armies are propping up the tottering throne of the Osmanlis, to secure in its fullest extent the great principle of religious liberty. We must do it, or it will never be done; Russia will not guarantee liberty of worship; she is tyrannical in church and in state—a fierce, a murderous persecutrix of the truth of God as well as of all dissenters from the established religions.

"What is meant by maintaining the integrity of the Turkish empire? Nothing whatever. It is high-sounding verbiage. To keep the Russians out of Constantinople is another matter, and we know what it means. The integrity of the Turkish empire! Where is it? The French claim the right of protecting the Papists, the Emperor of Russia claims the right of protecting the members of the Greek church, and we have established a consul at Damascus to protect the Jews! Yet these are all subjects of the Porte! Has not every consul and consular agent (and their name is legion), even from the pettiest kingdoms of Europe, the right to protect all their servants and employees from all kinds of taxation and government control? Is not every European of whatever name, and all who can in any way claim to be his servants, were it only by sweeping his court once a year, exempted by positive treaties from the taxation and control of the Turkish government? This may be all right and necessary, but it is not like independence, and without independence it will not long retain its integrity. The integrity of the Turkish empire! We, the English, have dismembered it, and should other circumstances arise we would, without compunction, dismember it more and more. Who gave Greece its independence? We did so, by dismembering the empire of the Osmanlis; Egypt is nearly independent, and we made it so. Are we not by a kind of quiet prescription establishing our right to the navigation of the Euphrates? Would it be any dismemberment of the Empire were England on certain terms to become masters of Egypt? By no means. The Pasha pays the Porte a certain number of purses annually, &c.; now were we to provide for the Pasha as we do for the princes in India, would the Porte not as willingly receive the purses from us as from him? Undoubtedly; and his Highness would be more regularly paid. For more than a century the Turks have been receding before the civilization and warlike power of the West; nor should it cause us many regrets if their empire were entirely broken.

"Is it not possible to regenerate the Turkish

nation by making them a great reforming, progressing, civilizing kingdom? I think it nearly impossible. (1.) Their religion is opposed to progress, and must be overthrown in the first place. (2.) Then the vigour and force of the Turks lie in fanaticism alone; if this is inflamed and strengthened they are invincible. If you fanaticise them, civilization is impossible; if you destroy their fanaticism, the foundation of their empire is destroyed. (3.) The Turks are a small minority of the population, and have been so long accustomed to domineer over all others, that they never will, in my opinion, voluntarily submit to civil equality with the other nations and religions. They will submit only to the conqueror, as they do in India. (4.) Besides, the Christians are still subjected to double taxation; all the offices of state are filled with Moslems; and the imperial armies, under the standard of the prophet, must be taken exclusively from the dominant religion. These are some of the impediments which stand in the way of Turkish progress and civilization, and till I see other reasons than I have yet seen, I must believe them to be insurmountable."

On the probable issues of the present war, on the state and prospects of the Greek nation, and on other subjects connected with Turkish politics, the author gives his opinions with equal frankness. The book is rich in materials for the study and consideration of a thoughtful reader, and the few extracts which we have given show that the author could have written a work which might also have been widely popular. As it is, the volume is more suited for occasional reference than for consecutive reading.

The Young Husband. By Mrs. Grey, Author of 'Mary Sealham.' Hurst and Blackett.

A VERY doleful and dismal tale is this of 'The Young Husband,' affording little pleasure during the perusal, except that which arises from the excitement of distress. The author, it is true, strives to give a religious turn to the story, with due exercise of moral justice making misery follow crime, and at length bringing the guilty personages of the novel to the state of penitence to which alone mercy is extended. But this death-bed repentance and posthumous peace, though worthy of all acceptance in real life, rarely meet the requirements of fiction, where the reader expects to find vice punished or virtue rewarded in the events of this present world. In the moral of the tale, as Mrs. Grey unfolds it, there is too much room for a reflection akin to that saying of one on reading the too sanguine reports of gaol chaplains as to condemned criminals, "the surest way to heaven is by the gallows." The substance of the story of 'The Young Husband' may be told in two or three sentences. Claud Lorraine is married to Blanche Pierrepont, after a brother-and-sister like intimacy from childhood. The marriage was not one of mutual affection, but rather a match of arrangement, brought about by an old gentleman, Mr. Fordyce, who had taken a deep interest in both families, and promised to leave a large fortune on condition of the union taking place. Blanche seems to have loved tenderly and truly, but Claud was a wayward, impetuous, selfish youth, whose career from childhood is far from amiable or virtuous. He forms an attachment with Stella Fitz-Henry, a popular opera-singer, seduces her, abandons his wife, and carries off Stella in his yacht, on the eve of her being married to one of the young fools of the aristocracy who usually hang about the green-rooms.

While Stella is abroad, suffering from illness and depression of mind, she receives religious counsel and comfort from Freeman, an old sailor in the yacht. Through his instrumentality a change comes over her mind, which Claud in vain tried to account for.

"One day, however, Stella having become less guarded, and only more intent upon her study of the Bible, which she still retained in her possession, Freeman having, in a tone and manner which admitted of no reply, waved back the book when she offered to return it, bidding her keep it till she was tired of it, he had another by him—

"One day, as we before said, Claud coming up stealthily behind her, snatched from before her eyes the open volume, over which, like the pictured Magdalen of Guido, she was bending so devoutly, saying, playfully, that he was determined to find out what was this most interesting book, which robbed him of so much of her time, interest and attention. His countenance changed instantly when he saw what was the character of the volume.

"He looked annoyed and confounded. But when, impatiently turning back the leaves, he beheld upon the blank page the name of Andrew Freeman written therein, in one instant the book was dashed upon the floor at the farthest extremity of the cabin, and, with a fearful oath, he swore that the canting Methodist should leave his ship directly, for daring to force his books upon those around him.

"Stella started to her feet and stood like one petrified to stone, not so much from terror at the violence of Claud, nor that she felt herself the means of having drawn down upon that excellent man so much wrathful indignation,—it was horror at the sacrilege, the blasphemy implied in the action he had committed, the words he had employed!"

A few days after this scene news arrived of a divorce having been obtained by the wronged wife.

"Animation and triumph were glowing then upon Claud Lorraine's handsome face, when, after many hours' absence from the ship, he rushed into the cabin and threw himself down by Stella's side.

"Hurrah! Stella," he cried, 'letters from England—and most glorious news—a divorce is in progress—I shall be free ere long, and you my own beloved wife.'

"He had been too abrupt, he thought—he had overwhelmed her by the suddenness of the announcement, for Stella turned so ghastly pale, he feared she would have fainted.

"He passed his arm round her trembling form—he whispered in her ear words of soothing assurance, but she only shrunk from him, shuddering, with that piteous and imploring expression of countenance.

"Are you not glad, my Stella? do you not rejoice?" he exclaimed, almost passionately.

"She slid down on her knees, and buried her face in the cushions of the couch, and gasped forth in an agony of fervent supplication—

"Oh! Father in Heaven, have mercy upon me; for this cannot—must not be."

"But it shall—it must!" the other cried, impetuously; "and you, Stella—be restored—your angel heart recover peace and happiness once more." He said not a word—he determined, in his heart, she shall never know of the worldly sacrifice which the event of his freedom must comprise. "But you shake your head, Stella—what does all this mean?—you surely—surely," and he knelt down by her side and seized her hand, looking with sorrowful anger in her face; "you surely cannot mean—you that have mourned and pined over what you call your sin so bitterly—to crush my joy—to have me think you hail with horror rather than delight that which is to make you mine without recall, both in the sight of God and man—take from our love every shadow of reproach."

"No, she could not do this now. She had no heart to speak the words which must turn his exulting triumph into sorrow, anger and surprise. She could not even show him how she marvelled at

the different light in which they viewed their dreadful sin—how he could so securely deem that by any mere form of words, any ceremony of man, however sacred in its unadorned character, the laws that they had injured could be appeased; much less by so late and impotent a reparation the pangs and stains of guilt be done away from the mind and conscience."

The yacht was wrecked and poor Stella was drowned, after having, for some time, given full proof of the earnestness and sincerity of her penitence. Late in the story Claud, too, appears, broken in health and in spirit, dying of consumption, at Torquay, nursed gently and kindly by the injured and forgiving Blanche. So justice brings retribution for the present, while mercy is reserved for the future. Some parts of the story, which is supposed to be narrated by an old family nurse, are well filled in, and several of the secondary characters are skilfully introduced. A most offensive fault in the literary part of the work is the perpetual insertion of trifling quotations of poetry. They occur in almost every chapter, and sometimes more than one on a page, after the following fashion:—

"Here was an opportunity to contemplate, if possible, with cold philosophic eye the change which may be effected in the heart, nay, very being, of

'A woman scorned.'

"'They are all out,' Loraine vaguely mused, as he marked the hall door stand unclosed—

'The nursery windows wide open to the air.'

"'Miss Fitz-Henry, may I consider myself at liberty to recall your uncle?'

'Fallen cherub, to be weak is to be miserable!'

The too frequent employment of scraps of poetry, needlessly or ineffectively introduced, constitutes a mannerism which Mrs. Grey would do well to avoid.

NOTICES.

Idaline. A Story of the Egyptian Bondage.

By Mrs. J. B. Webb. Bentley.

THE story of 'Idaline' derives its chief interest from the pleasing manner in which notices of the manners and customs, the national history and domestic life of Old Egypt are introduced. The period is that of the Exodus of the Israelites, and use is made of scriptural names and events connected with that portion of Egyptian history. So far as the story is concerned, it is an ordinary tale of passions and affections, the only novelty of which lies in their being displayed under names sounding strange to fiction—Amenophis, and Armoni, and Thermuthis; and Jambres. Of Idaline, the heroine of the tale, daughter of Jambres, the high priest of On, we give a few touches of the opening description, and the closing sentences of the tale, in which her final lot is recorded:—"Idaline was a creature to be loved, and cherished, and cultivated, with all the tenderness and all the care that the most devoted and the gentlest of mothers, and the kindest and best informed of fathers, could lavish on her. And these blessings she had fully enjoyed and valued, until death had deprived her of one of her parents, and cast a gloom over the spirit of the other. As we have already said, Jambres loved his child with a fond affection, and sought to elevate her in mind and manners above the level of her companions; but he had neither leisure nor ability to study her natural character, or guide and train her feelings as Eirene would have done, had she not been taken away from her just as that decided character and those impetuous feelings most required the kind and judicious control of such a mother. Now Idaline was virtually her own mistress, and the mistress of her father's large and handsome establishment; and not one of his numerous dependents

would have dared to dispute her will, or attempt to control her inclinations, except her old nurse Senperis, who had had the care of her since her birth, and had received from her dying mother a fervent injunction to be her friend and protector as long as she lived. And this injunction Senperis faithfully obeyed. * * * It was with a bitter pang that Idaline bade farewell to the mortal remains of her beloved father, which she consigned to the care of the aged and weeping Senperis; and then, with Adah, she entered the covered carriage which Jared had brought, and with feelings of mingled grief and thankfulness, left the city of On for ever. Her reception in the house of Gershom, where Amenophis and Zillah awaited her in the deepest anxiety, was such as to pour balm into her wounded heart, and banish all anxiety for the future; and she felt how great had been the mercy of God in removing her father from the evils to come, and taking him to Himself, in time to enable him to see the preservation of his child. That very night, before the solemn march commenced, Gershom, as the priest of his family, pronounced the nuptial benediction on his son and Idaline; and thenceforth she became one of the chosen race, to which, in heart, she had been so long united." As presenting in a popular form much curious and valuable information concerning Egypt and its people, the story of 'Idaline of Thebes' may be highly commended, and to youthful readers it will prove attractive.

The Tour: a Poem, in Two Cantos. By W. F. P. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Longman and Co.

IS a poem of about two hundred Spenserian stanzas, the author describes scenes that were visited, and records reflections that arose, during a real or ideal journey in Ireland and England. Some of the descriptions are well written, and the spirit of the poem is proper and pleasing. From the second canto, which is headed 'Musings in the Capital,' we quote the following remarks on the squalid abodes of the poor:—

"It was not nature ever destined man
Like reptiles thus to live without the light,
To breathe the putrid atmosphere which ran
Through fell contagion's reign of deadly blight,
And revelled in the darkness of its night.
It was not bounteous nature who gives up
Her every charm, and deemeth them man's right,
That ever filled for man this bitter cup
Of rankly poison'd life, from which he here must sup.

"The garret is not hers, nor is the damp
And darksome cellar,—these were never made
By nature, whose free hand would fall to stamp
Distinction such as this, who ne'er betrayed
Her offspring, nor such cruelty displayed.
This is thy work, O man, reform it thou,
'Tis thus 'gainst nature long hast thou inveigh'd,
Thou nature's patience may this wrong allow,
Her plagues may feel impatient to avenge it now.

"Behold that unlit chamber, and that form
With head bent down, as if absorbed in thought,—
Of what thinks he? perchance of that red morn,
When revolution, with its evils fraught,
May rend the chain which foul oppression wrought.
Why starts he now? what means that vacant stare?
That anguished look, fixed, gazing upon nought,
Seeming to read the future in the air
Of his dark prison, filled with visions of despair."

The author tells us that his poem is 'the result of a few stolen hours,' and that it sees the light at 'the urgent persuasion of his friends.' This double confession betrays the writer's youth or inexperience, and we are therefore not disposed to criticise his effort severely, though we must not omit to say, for the sake of others, that authors have no right to expect indulgence on the score of the little time or labour bestowed on their works, and that there ought always to be more cogent reasons for publishing than the importunity of friends. In this instance let the excuse be put down to the author's modesty and inexperience; as a first attempt, his poem is highly creditable to him.

Sunbeams in the Cottage; or, What Women may Do. By Margaret Maria Brewster. Constable and Co.

IN this little volume, Miss Brewster has given a series of sketches of Scottish character, in which faithful representations of the actual condition of the working classes are presented, with useful and

practical suggestions for improvement. The book is chiefly addressed to humble readers, and much of it is written in the Scottish vernacular, and refers more specially to the northern part of the island; but the general statements of "the needs and failures of the working classes, and the remedies required for them," are applicable to all places, and may be read with advantage in many an English as well as Scottish home. Nor are there wanting useful and sensible hints for the rich who are disposed to do good to the poor, as when it is said,—"Almost the only thing that the rich can do for the poor which they cannot do for themselves, is to afford them suitable dwellings. Charity to the able-bodied poor, under any circumstances, brings a sense of dependence, and leads to a want of self-reliance and self-respect, but the comfortable home, for a moderate rent, is a gift that cannot injure, and a debt of gratitude that does not degrade. A working man can pay rent from his earnings, but he cannot, except in rare instances, build for himself." Similar remarks apply to public baths, wash-houses, and other establishments requiring capital for their commencement, but which are afterwards sustained by the poor to their great benefit and comfort. Throughout the book there are plentifully scattered good precepts and wholesome counsels, relating to the welfare both of mind and body, and an appendix containing a collection of receipts for cookery and other domestic operations. The spirit of earnest and practical piety pervading the book constitutes its chief charm. In this, as well as in her former little treatise, 'Work; or, Plenty to Do, and How to Do it,' the author has proved herself a judicious and practical as well as zealous friend of the working classes.

A Voice from the East; or, Scriptural Meditations to Beguile Solitary Hours. By Mrs. St. John. Saunders and Otley.

THIS book is composed of a series of metrical reflections and comments on passages of scripture. Though the poetical merits of the compositions are not great, we cannot treat disrespectfully a work which is marked by devout Christian feeling, and which conveys practical lessons of truth and virtue. The metrical meditations of the writer are after the style of these lines, on the parable of the Good Shepherd, with introductory remarks on the persistency of oriental customs:—

"In eastern countries still we see,
In just the same simplicity,
As primitive as ages past,
And full as likely so to last,
The ways and habits which prevail'd,
As in the Bible oft detail'd:
For in Ceylon, and India too,
In every sense and point of view,
I have myself often seen
Such things as are describ'd therein.
The 'women grinding at a mill,'
Both there, and here—they do so still.
The marriage feasts at night are kept
Just as we read—they slumber'd, 'sleep't
With 'lamps' or torches round they go,
With all the din of native show!
And leather bottles may be seen,
Though not with wine contain'd therein.
The flat-roof'd houses at Madras
Have shewn me how it came to pass
That Jewish house-tops likewise were
Ascended by an outside stair.
And lastly—'Rise, take up thy bed,'
As sometimes by our Saviour said:
Why, at Umballa constantly
I witness how this act can be:
The natives' beds, of light bamboo,
By day they take them out of view,
And carry them just anywhere,
Each one his own, with little care.
But pleasing most of all to me,
The quite trust—simplicity,
With which I saw the sheep attend,
And 'follow' their poor shepherd friend;
Because of our salvation's rock,
Who guards and guides his faithful flock;
And did himself to such compare,
Aluding to His watchful care:
Whereas, while trying to obey,
Alas! we often err and stray."

Considered in a literary point of view, we cannot approve of the publication of indifferent poetry, but criticism is lenient where the motives and objects of a work are as obviously sincere and good as in Mrs. St. John's 'Voice from the East.'

SUMMARY.

THE third volume of *The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart* (Constable and Co.), edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart., contains Part Second of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. The additions and editorial notes in this volume are few and unimportant, and do not call for special remark, after the general account we have given of the work. The concluding sentence of the volume is worthy of being noted at the present time, when at length some hope of reform in the English university studies begins to dawn:—"Unwilling as I am to touch on a topic so hopeless as that of Academic Reform, I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking, as a *fact*, which, at some future period, will figure in literary history, that two hundred years after the date of Bacon's philosophical works, the antiquated routine of study, originally prescribed in times of scholastic barbarism and of popish superstition, should, in so many universities, be still suffered to stand in the way of improvements, recommended at once by the present state of the sciences, and by the order which nature follows in developing the intellectual faculties. On this subject, however, I forbear to enlarge. Obstacles of which I am not aware may perhaps render any considerable innovations impracticable; and, in the meantime, it would be in vain to speculate on ideal projects, while the prospect of realizing them is so distant and uncertain." We hope that Dugald Stewart's works will find many liberal readers in the English universities, and that they may exert due influence in hastening the reform of academical education.

Compiled from various sources, published and unpublished, is *The Book of the War, the First Campaign from Gallipoli to Sebastopol*, by Percy B. St. John (Ward and Lock), containing full details of the battle of Alma, and brief notices of all the leading events that have hitherto taken place during the war.

Among recently published dramatic works we may here mention new editions of *Masks and Faces*, and *Two Loves and a Life*, by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade (Bentley). *The Yogi's Daughter*, a tragedy in five acts, by John Baker Hopkins (Hall, Virtue, and Co.) *Leba*, the heroine daughter of Yogi, an Indian devotee, is betrothed to Nyo, a warrior, and is loved by Sona, the high priest and king. In the end *Leba* tears out *Sona's* eyes with poisoned fingers; and while she also dies from the fatal poison, *Nyo* stabs himself,—a pretty scene of horrors for some of the penny theatres. *Passing Clouds, a Tale of Florence* (Longman and Co.), is a play of the times of the Bianchi and Neri, at the close of the thirteenth century. It is a carefully constructed story, and some parts are well written; but we suspect the subject is too remote from common sympathies to prove attractive to many readers in these stirring times. The play in its present form is, we presume, not intended for acting. A more formidable production, in the shape of a volume of two hundred and seventy pages, is *Robespierre, a Tragedy*, by Henry Bliss, one of Her Majesty's Counsel (Kimpton). Mr. Bliss has with great diligence versified portions of the history of the reign of Terror, but the result is not, in our judgment, successful. There is more genuine dramatic effect in a few pages of Carlyle's rhapsodies on the French Revolution than in Mr. Bliss's elaborate tragedy. To take up so broad a subject, and deal so largely in historical narrative, was a mistake; and there are few who will derive much satisfaction from reading a story in diluted verse, when the plainest prose record of the time is full of dramatic interest. At the same time we must admit that correct and striking representations are given of the characters of some of the leading men of the revolution.

In the *Further Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*, by Cuthbert Bede, B.A., with illustrations by the author (Ingram and Co.), there is a continuation of the descriptions and narratives of college life at Oxford, written in the peculiar style of smartness, with occasional classical allusions, which passes current as wit among Oxford undergraduates.

Where so many amusing reminiscences of college life are suggested by Mr. Cuthbert Bede's pen and pencil, we are not disposed to criticize severely the literary part of his work.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Afraga : from the German, trans. by Morris, p. 8vo, cl. 10s. 6d.
Alone, fcap., boards, 2s.
Alston's (P. W. W.) Sermons, 8vo, cloth, 14s.
Armstrong's (R. & T.) Key to Composition, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Bainbridge's (W.) Early Education, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
Bell's Poets, Vol. II, fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Bream's (J.) Planetary Worlds, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Bridge's (C.) 119th Psalm, 21st edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s.
Brown's (Rev. A. M.) Evenings with the Prophets, p. 8vo, 8s.
Chambers' (W.) Things as they are in America, p. 8vo, cl. 6s.
—— (W. & R.) Repository of Tracts, in 6 vols., each, 2s.
Clarkson's (Rev. W.) Scenes of the Bible, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Cowper's (Rev. H.) Scripture Gazetteer, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Cunningham's (Dr.) Daily Life, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Doran's (Dr.) Habits and Men, &c., post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Educational Lectures at St. Martin's Hall, 1s. 6d.
Fakner's (E.) Suppl. to Museum of Class. Antiquities, 5s. 6d.
Fleury's Histoire de France, new ed., by J. Christison, 3s. 6d.
Francis's (P.) New Common Law Procedure, 12mo, 10s. 6d.
Prescote's (C. R.) Quantitative Analysis, 2nd edit., 8vo, 15s.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 5s.
Good's (J. M.) Book of Psalms, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Harrington's (J.) Sermons, 12mo, cloth, 8s.
Hopkin's (J. M.) Notes of a Theol. Student, 12mo, cl., 5s. 6d.
How to Nurse Sick Children, fcap., cloth, 1s. 6d.
Jackson's (J.) Witness of the Spirit, fcap., cloth, 5s. 6d.
Kerr's (R.) Common Law Procedure Act, 12mo, boards, 9s.
Kingsmill's (J.) Missions, 8vo, cloth, 2nd edition, 10s. 6d.
Lalng's (D.) Ourselves of Providence, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Latham's (Dr.) Native Races of the Russian Empire, 8vo, 8s.
Marlow's (J.) Coal Mining, post 8vo, cloth, 8s.
Massay's (G.) Ballad of Babe Christabel, &c., 12mo, cloth, 5s.
May and December, by Mrs. Hubbard, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Moodie's (Mrs.) Matrimonial Speculation, 8vo, cloth, 10s.
Plattner & Muspratt on the Blow Pipe, 3rd edit., 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Prescott's Mexico, 2 vols., fcap., boards, 4s., cloth, 5s.
Price's (Rev. T.) Literary Remains, 8vo, cloth, Vol. 1, 14s.
St. John's (B.) Travels of an Arab Merchant, p. 8vo, cl., 8s.
Scott's (Sir W.) Poetry, royal 8vo, half-bound, £1 11s. 6d.
—— cr. 8vo, 16s.; fcap. 8vo, 15s.
—— 6 Vols. 24mo, hf.-bd., 10s. each vol.
—— Lady of the Lake, 8vo, half-bound, £1 5s.
—— Lay, crown 8vo, half-bound, £1 5s.
—— Marjorie, crown 8vo, half-bound, £1 5s.
Shortland's (E.) Traditions, &c. of New Zealanders, cloth, 5s.
Smedley's (F. E.) Frank Fairleigh, cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. sd., 2s. 6d.
Smith's Manual of Equity Jurisprudence, 4th edit., 10s. 6d.
Somerville's (A.) Autobiography of a Working Man, 1s. 6d.
Stepping Stone to Animal and Vegetable Physiology, 1s.
Sullivan's (E.) Bungalow, &c., post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Swan's (J.) Brain in Relation to the Mind, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Tarver's (J. C.) Progressive Oral Lessons, new edit., 3s. 6d.
Tark's (Rev. T. G.) German Grammar, 10th edit., 12mo, 6s.
Traveller's Library, part 70, Chesterfield and Selwyn, sd., 1s.
Watkins's Directory, 1855, 19s. 6d.; environs, 25s.; rear, 28s. 6d.
Woodward's (J.) Elements of the Latin Language, part 1, 2s.

ALMA AND ST. ARNAUD.

Oa, war! what victims on thy shrine are laid!
What noble hearts are rendered up to thee!
What forms beloved have bowed beneath thy shade,
Whose life-blood steepers our wreath of victory!
A wreath we hail with feelings wildly blent,
Lamenting we exult—exulting we lament!
We mourn the brave, the lost—yet oh, how proud
Those tears, although from bursting hearts they flow;
They died—to Freedom's holy combat vowed.
They died—and triumph mingles with our woe.
Yet at thy head be direst vengeance hurled,
Despot of darkness! Traitor of the World!
For thou hast broken the sweet reign of Peace,
That like a halo circled o'er our globe;
Now must the holy bond of Concord cease,
And War and Strife display their crimson robe.
Homes must be desolate, high hearts laid low,
On thee be all the guilt of all this woe!
Thou shalt not triumph! while the pulse beats high
In Freedom's heart! the spirit of the West!
While still burns bright the flame of chivalry,
To quell base might, to succour the oppressor!
Thou shalt not triumph, till are crushed down
The Lion and the Eagle of renown!

They fight together, side by side;
Who once were foes, are brothers tried,
Their cause their hearts combining:
Their proudly streaming flags unite,
"And mingling weave the rainbow bright,
In Freedom's Heaven shining!"

What could resist that force combined,
Not only of the arm but mind,

That marks the free and brave;
That mental pride, which ne'er can move,
As thou, dark tyrant, still shalt prove,
The bosom of a slave!

Now, even now, on Alma's field,
The free have taught the slave to yield—
Ah! thou who ledst them on
Inspired to victory and fame,
To which the world will link thy name,
St. Arnaud! thou art gone!

Thou didst not meet on battle plain thy doom,
Thou wert already destined to the tomb.
The hand of death was on thy heart and brow,
And must thou leave thy lofty mission now
All unfulfilled! No, still wouldst thou display,
How a great mind can triumph o'er the clay;
Wich strength unequalled still didst thou maintain
The mastery of soul o'er mortal pain,
And show to earth, when nerved for some great end,
How duty can with suffering contend!
The combat closed and crown'd with victory,
Soldier, lay down thy faithful sword and die.
Alas! the laurels thou hast earned must bloom
Nursed by a nation's tears around thy tomb!

F. M. L.

HUMBOLDT AND BONPLAND.

THE last number of the German botanical paper 'Bonplandia,' contains three interesting letters dated Montevideo, December, 1853, from the veteran botanist Bonpland to his old colleague, Alexander von Humboldt. They state that he is employing all the time he can spare, from the practice of his profession (physic), and from the care of his farm, to the natural sciences, and especially to botany; also that he has made considerable progress in the classification of his collections of the plants of Uruguay, Panama, and Paraguay, which he destined for the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. M. Bonpland regrets that his great distance from Europe prevents him from being *au courant* with the progress of European science; and he complains that of 'Cosmos' he had not been able to see more than the first volume. He adds, that his health was good, and that he had just celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birthday. The following translation is from the Atlas newspaper.

To the Editor of the 'Bonplandia.'

Berlin, 22nd August, 1854.

I have been long desirous, esteemed Sir, to give you some proof of gratitude for the honour you have conferred on my friend and companion of travels, M. Bonpland, by taking his name for the title of your interesting journal. The advantages which our science has obtained through our expedition to the tropical parts of America, is solely due to that indefatigable, serene, and never discouraged naturalist, and his free—free, because noble mind. I have collected many plants, described a few, depicted some, as is stated on the plates of the *Plantas Equinoxiales*. Your readers will, no doubt, be pleased with the translation of some of his letters, which I have made under a pressure of labour, in a very troublesome period. They possess no great scientific import, but exhibit a lively picture of the individual position of a meritorious man: of the tardy hopes, in fine, which his imagination still cherishes at such great age.

A. V. HUMBOLDT.

Aimé Bonpland to Alexander von Humboldt.

Letter I.

Montevideo, 22nd December, 1853.

MY DEAR HUMBOLDT.—By some accidental circumstances none of your letters* have reached me since the 12th March, 1850. I always looked in

* The letters are written in the French single tense, *tu* and *toi*, which we have not thought fit to retain.—*Transl.*

vain for your name in the Journal of Rio de Janeiro, which we receive regularly every month in San Borja; in the meantime, I read again and again your letters which have reached me. Having arrived here after a long journey on the great river, I found your letter, dated Berlin, 1st September, 1853, but have not seen Dr. Fonk, who brought it, as he stopped at Buenos Ayres. How shall I describe to you the pleasure which your kind, heartfelt letter has afforded to me after so long a pause? Our great age must, there is no doubt, remind us often of what is so close at hand with us. It is very painful to think that, after having lived and worked together so many years, we may not see each other once more. How vividly should we recollect our first impressions on arriving in the tropics, the vicinity of Cumana, the Guayquerie Indians, the night of the Cocollar, our marches in the forest mission of Caripe, and the troubles, mixed with pleasure, on the banks of the Orinoco, Rio Negro, and Cassiquiare! All stands now so vividly before my memory, that I could, from this source alone, write down our whole journey, simply, but accurately. I celebrated, on the 29th August, 1852, my eighty-first birthday. I was twenty-seven when we waited so many weeks at Marseilles for the Swedish frigate (the *Parana*), the vessel which was to convey us to Algiers, for the sake of rejoicing, *vid* Tunis, the Egyptian expedition. Since I was obliged to leave Paraguay, I continue engaged in medical practice, the cultivation of plants, and above all in botany. You speak in your letter of the pleasure which a citizen of the United States has afforded you by the transmission of a photograph of my still powerful but very ancient frame. It may be that this most delicate attention from one unknown to you has been caused by the sending of seeds of the *Mayz del agua* of the Corentinos, which I presented three years ago to a person in North America. It is with many thanks that I perceive that some persons in Berlin still recollect my joyous stay there (in 1806). The deaths of Adrien Jussieu, Kunth, Richard, and St. Hilaire, have deeply affected me in my solitudes. The papers of Montevideo just announce the death of your noble and famous friend, Arago. I have just received the two volumes of the 'Ansichten der Natur' in the new French translation, and shall read your descriptions during my approaching navigation up the mighty Uruguay, whose banks are more splendidly ornamented than any other river I have yet seen. Of the 'Cosmos' I have only read the first volume, whose loan I owe to the kindness of Dr. Portes, Brazilian chargé d'affaires here. What you sent did not reach me in my solitude. Scientific books are very scarce in Montevideo and in the whole of South America.

I heard, even before the arrival of your last letter, that you have deposited the botanical MSS. conjointly written during our travels, in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.† I think there will be five or six volumes in folio and quarto. They possess the great merit, that the descriptions, although mostly fragmentary, were made in sight of the freshly-gathered specimens, to which are added notes relating to botanical geography. All that you have written to me in regard to these MSS., which you choose to consider my property, shall be accurately executed. The MSS. of a lengthy botanical excursion, carried on through the very heart of a huge continent, between the tropics, must—together with our herbariums which are at Paris, and the duplicates which you have presented to your master in botany,

Willdenow—remain with some large public institution.*

With regard to my project of returning to France, I must confide to you, my dear Humboldt, that I have long endeavoured in vain to sell both, or at least one of my possessions on the banks of the Uruguay. Now, I shall chiefly occupy myself with the cultivation and the new plantations of my Estancia de St. Anna. If peace continues here, this estancia may yield a considerable profit by the flourishing traffic on the river. It is my firm resolution, that all my collections shall go hence to France and be deposited in the Jardin des Plantes. As I have the *Genera plantarum* by Endlicher, and the *Prodromus* by Decandolle, I think that I may be able to undertake next a new classification of my Herbarium. If, after the completion of my eighty-second year, I feel yet strong enough for a journey to France, I shall convey myself, my dried plants, my geological specimens and petrifications, to the Jardin des Plantes, remain a few months at Paris, and return then to my solitudes of South America, for the sake of continuing there in domestic quiet those works which have occupied me for so many years. San Borja reminds me, by the fineness of the climate and the beauty of its vegetation, of the village of Llague, on the eastern slope of the Cordilleras of Quindiu. San Borja may some day become very important; and if Rosas, whom, like all the enterprising party-men of this country, I have known well, had not carried his murderous and devastating arms in the province of Corrientes, I should have become opulent by my agricultural enterprise. I should then have removed long ago to Paris, and should have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you again at Berlin—you, from whom I would have never separated, if important external circumstances had not compelled me to leave Europe. Should I not feel strong enough to accompany my scientific collections, I shall send them in a way which will ensure perfect safety. Although this letter has already exceeded the usual compass, I must yet briefly mention the collection of natural curiosities which I sent in 1836 to Paris, addressed to Messieurs les Professeurs du Musée d'Histoire naturelle, au Jardin des Plantes. This collection contained two copies of a 'Catalogue des minéraux relatifs à la Géologie des rives de l'Uruguay, du Parana, du Rio de la Plata, et des anciennes Missions des Jésuites.' It consisted of 154 specimens of rocks, with a fresh fracture-surface, carefully cleared, as I had become accustomed to make when travelling with you; also a profusion of petrifications, as well as existing (*labende*?) terrestrial, fluvial, and oceanic shells. Of everything there were duplicates, and I requested the Professors of the Jardin des Plantes to send you one of the copies of the catalogue, together with a complete collection of geological duplicates for the collections of the University of Berlin. I also wrote to you, my dear friend, to announce my intended present; but as neither the Professor of the Jardin des Plantes nor yourself have ever written to me one word on this not unimportant collection, I consider it best to mention it.† I am convinced that many of the Brazilian specimens have been already noticed before, and better by the late Sellow, whose collections are at Berlin; still, I have sent some new objects to Europe, especially petrifications. My botanical travelling diary contains only 2574 species, but my herbarium here contains more than 4000 species, which are classified according to the families of Jussieu.‡ The localities of South America where

* By the purchase of the complete herbaria of Willdenow and Kunth, the plants collected by Bonpland and Humboldt, from June, 1799, until the summer of 1804, have now become combined with the great Royal Herbarium of the Botanical Garden of Schöneberg, near Berlin.—H.—t.

† Has this collection been lost? I have never received the letter in which M. Bonpland wrote me about it; and could it be, that during my several stays at Paris in 1827 until 1847, when I took up my fixed abode in Germany, the befriended *secrets* of the Jardin des Plantes should never have mentioned to me the duplicates of the geological collection of Bonpland, destined for Berlin?—H.—t.

‡ The plants collected by Bonpland since his removal to South America are to be distinguished from those of our joint expedition. The latter I had divided in the

I have made collections (lat. 26 deg. to 34 deg.), are obviously less prolific in planerogamic plants than the properly tropical zone, in which we formerly horberized; and the space between the great rivers, the Uruguay, Parana, and Paraguay, which I have examined, is much smaller than your American expedition comprised. But I have found a compensation of another sort. If one explores a country, every species of plants can be examined in the various stages of development; perfect specimens may be selected amongst hundreds, and a great number of duplicates prepared, which I intended once to send you for the rich Berlin Herbarium. My little landed property near St. Borja on the Uruguay has a surface of three cuadras—viz. 30,000 square varas.* It would be easy for me to augment the property; but even in its present state of cultivation it affords me, conjointly with my medical practice, a very respectable income. I have covered my Estancia in St. Borja with the greatest variety of useful agricultural plants, lately also with potatoes (*Sol. tub.*); I have planted 1660 orange trees, of which 200 have already this year yielded me a splendid harvest. In St. Anna I have 2000 sheep, of which many are pure Merinos of the best breed. All improvement depends in this country, so much blessed by nature, on political tranquillity, which promises, by and by, to become restored. Thirteen years of civil war have spread much misfortune in St. Borja. Kind-hearted (*quid nūthig*) as you know me to be, I have endeavoured to assist many. It will be difficult to obtain back the capital thus advanced.

By the same ship which will convey to you those signs of life, and of my most hearty and most unalterable attachment, I shall write to the Prussian Ambassador, Count Hatzfeld, at Paris, who has sent me, accompanied by a very honorific letter, the Cross of the Red Eagle in the name of your king. You may guess yourself, for what reason (abstracted from all philosophy, nurtured in solitude) such undeserved distinction, coming as it does from your paternal city, must be especially dear to me.

AIME BONPLAND.

Letter II.

Montevideo, 22nd August, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—After a two-months' sojourn in the capital of Cis-Platina, my departure is close at hand, which affords me much joy; but before I return to the silent banks of the Uruguay I shall once more enjoy the pleasure of addressing you. The very good French translation of your *Ansichten der Natur* has occupied me every day, and refreshed many impressions which had filled us with joy or sorrow, and which your descriptions depict so vividly. Your deep grief, also, at the death of Arago has much affected me. Our papers have repeated your expressions thereon, albeit very imperfectly. Chateaubriand, who in the house of the spirited Duchess of Duras, was so much attached to you and the departed, would have surely shared my sympathy. As soon as I arrive at my Estancia de St. Anna, I shall occupy myself seriously with the final arrangement of my Herbaria and other natural history collections. All my endeavours are now directed towards the completion of this work by July or August. It is a pity that it will be somewhat interrupted by the necessity, under which I find myself, of complying with an order of the Secretary of War, who has handed to me a long list of the agricultural plants of Paraguay, of which I have to send seeds and cuttings to Algeria. This enrichment of a French colony on African ground by South American plants inspires me with great interest. Indeed, I long since foresaw the demand only just made to

following way, as the number of duplicates permitted the formation of three herbaria. One, the most complete, for Bonpland, which he took with him to Buenos Ayres; the second, which I presented to the Jardin des Plantes, which was the basis for M. B.'s annuity of 3000 francs; a third for my botanical teacher and youth-friend Willdenow. I have retained nothing for myself of all my botanical, geological, or zoological collections.—H.—t.

* Six Paris feet = to 2, 33,100th varas castellanas.—H.—t.

* This pleasing gift was sent by Mr. John Torrey, Professor of Botany at the College of Physicians in New York. He came to Berlin in the summer of 1853.—[Note of B. Humboldt.]

† I sent these botanical MSS. of mine and Bonpland's pen, soon after the death of our friend and collaborator Kunth, to the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, for safe keeping. They consist of six bound volumes, containing 4328 species, and some drawings by me. Of these six volumes, three are in quarto, containing, a, descriptions, 1 to 690; b, 691 to 1215; c, 1216 to 1591. And those in folio, a, 1592 to 2257; b, 2258 to 3698; c, 3699 to 4528. These six volumes are Bonpland's property, who will surely present them to the museum, for the sake of their remaining together with the herbarium presented by me.—H.—t.

me; for many years ago I forwarded to M. de Mirbel the first description of the Mayz del Agua (water maize), together with the parts of fructification preserved in alcohol; I also sent him a whole collection of seeds, which I thought would succeed in Algiers. I addressed this collection to M. Aimé Roger, who then was French consul at Montevideo. Either it never reached Paris, or Mirbel's sad illness has been the cause of my never receiving a line on the subject in reply. Now, nearly the same seeds are asked for which I had then sent unasked. It will be a pleasing duty for me to execute this order of the Minister of War, and thus be useful to my native country. I revert once more to the Mayz del Agua, as I know that this beautiful plant has excited so much interest in Europe. I will tell you what I think of it, and of its co-genera Euryale and Vittoria. That what you have developed in your last work with regard to the physiognomy of plants according to the diversity of families, has recalled my attention to Endlicher's *Genera Plantarum*. The characters put forth by Endlicher in his beautiful work would indicate a generic diversity; but I find that the fruits of Euryale and Vittoria are not accurately described. I think that both, as well as my Mayz del Agua, belong to the same genus. The fruit of the Mayz del Agua is a "baccæ exsiccæ, orbicularis, valde depressa, multilocularis, pulvinde densi-cens. Chaque loge contient 6—8 graines, chaque graine est enveloppée par une membrane lâche et plissée, suspendue par un fil (funiculus) d'une longueur remarquable. Tout me porte à croire que ces trois plantes appartiennent au même genre." But my Mayz del Agua has not such large flower and leaves as Vittoria and Euryale. In a few weeks I shall send fine specimens of the Mayz to Europe. I am also astonished that so many botanists are yet uncertain about the leaves of the genus *Colletia*. According to my observations, all *Colletias* have leaves; they show themselves, however, only towards the period of inflorescence, and become deciduous soon after fructification.* My Herbarium explains this by comparison of specimens. What has much interested me for several years past is the comparison of several analogous species which pass from the flora of the tropical to the southern temperate zone. This comparison is very interesting for botanical geography.

My dearest hope, I repeat it, dear Humboldt, is to bring my collections and descriptions to Paris myself, to make myself acquainted with the state of recent literature and science, to purchase books, and to return hither, and, on the delightful banks of the Uruguay, surrounded by the magnificence and beauty of Nature, await my quiet end. With unalterable friendship and cheerful recollection of having lived together in enjoyment and in dire privation—thine,

AIME BONPLAND.

Letter III.

Montevideo, Feb. 7, 1854.

I have enjoyed double pleasure; I have received your dear letters of the 4th of October (dated from Sens-Souci), and the most charming account of your wellbeing and nocturnal (*nächtlicher*) activity. The agreeable meeting with M. de Gülich I owe to mere chance. On the 20th (last?), very early in the morning, I went, invited by Admiral de Suin, on board the frigate *Andromeda*, whose commander, M. de Fournier, is a zealous collector of petrifications. I had to show him a place where fossil shells are to be found. After our successful return from this expedition, and while we were still at table, a captain of a merchant vessel from Havre, who had just arrived at Montevideo, was announced to the admiral. At the mention of my name, he said that he had a Prussian *chargé d'affaires* on board, who was going to Montevideo and Chili, and had letters from Germany for M. Bonpland. I asked the admiral urgently to send me on shore, and inquired in all the inns, the

* During the journey with Bonpland, *Colletia horrida* was collected quite without leaflets, on the cold and wild mountain plateaus (Pamano) of Gnamani, in Peru. I found by barometric measurement this station to be 10,720 feet above the level of the Pacific.

whole night, after the Prussian Ambassador, but in vain. I slept in a villa near the town, and only was able to find the next morning M. de Gülich, a very accomplished, amiable man, who had seen you, my dear Humboldt, from face to face. He seemed deeply affected by the natural, yet lively outburst of my feelings. What time and space lay between us—the sojourn at the morasses of the Cassiquiare and upper Orinoco—our life at Paris, and the Malmaison—my nine years' captivity in Paraguay—your expedition to the Chinese frontier through Siberia—our life in the wilderness of the Uruguay—and, in fine, the bold expectation to see you once more at the combined age of 165 years! Such a mass of recollections awakened by the sight of a man who had seen you a few months ago! My most cherished occupation is planting and sowing. I have sown at St. Borja, amongst many other plants, Chinese tea. I obtained an ample supply of seed from an excellent Brazilian, Don Candido Baptista, with whom I became acquainted at Porto Allegre, and who is now a senator and director of the Botanical Gardens at Rio de Janeiro. With the collection for Algeria I shall certainly send seeds for the Berlin Botanical Gardens, so highly spoken of by Robert Brown, as well as geological specimens for your mineralogical collection. You tell me of an interesting botanical journal which bears my name. Why should I not confess that these news have raised within me feelings both of pleasure and surprise? What, does any one still know my name—that of a poor old man, living in solitude? How can I reply to this distinguished honour? By sending papers to the editors who have shown such courtesy to your friend? Alas! deprived as I am of books, and unable to ascertain to a certainty whether the species I call new are so in reality, I cannot risk offering them my contributions. The appointment of M. Pujol as Governor of Corrientes will contribute towards the amenities of my life on the Uruguay. He is an administrator of much information, very friendly towards foreigners, and a friend of mine. At this season the air becomes insupportable from the strong scent of the orange blossoms. I expect to return here in August or September. I conclude, as M. de Gülich, who has promised to forward these incoherent lines to Berlin, has fixed his departure for to-morrow.

AIME BONPLAND.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE return of Dr. Rae, on Sunday last, with intelligence and actual proofs of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party, to the details of which such ample publicity has been already afforded in the daily papers, has given a new and unexpected turn to the subject of arctic discovery. The end of the brave crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror* has been exactly as we predicted two years ago, when noticing the Journal of Dr. Sutherland's arctic adventures:—"It is now seven years (we then said) since Sir John Franklin, with a crew of a hundred and thirty-eight souls, entered the arctic circle in the good ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is six years since they passed into an area polewards beyond the verge of geographical discovery, beyond the limit of human habitation, and beyond range, we venture to add, of the conditions adequate for the support of human life. Provisioned for little more than half that period, and without the means of adding to their supplies, dare we hope that any one of the missing voyagers survives? It is time to think otherwise. Whatever hope there may have been two years ago in the direction of Wellington Channel, such hope now is more ambiguous than the most sanguine reliance on God's saving providence can bid us cherish. We shall be glad if the searching squadron now on its way thither only bring home to the friends and relatives of the lost some record—some gladdening evidences that their end was peace." These evidences, through the instrumentality of Dr. Rae, while performing a survey for the Hudson's Bay Company, have been found; but they lead to the conviction that the end of these hapless adventurers was of the most horrible description—starva-

tion. A feeling naturally exists that a vessel should now be sent out to procure further traces of the fate of Sir John Franklin; but this is of infinitely less importance than the rescue of Captain Collinson. The time for which his ship was provisioned has already expired; and what grounds have we for doubting that if it was in his power to retrace his steps to Behring's Straits, he would not have already done so? A plan of search suggested by Dr. Rae is under the consideration of the Admiralty; and, we trust, it will meet with prompt attention.

Professor Airy, assisted by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, who, in the absence of the Astronomer Royal, had charge of the experiments; Mr. Ellis, of the Royal Observatory; Mr. Pogson, of the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford; Mr. Rumker, of the Durham Observatory; Mr. Criswick, of Cambridge Observatory; and Mr. Simmonds, of Mr. Carrington's private observatory, Redhill, has been making an important series of experiments with the pendulum, during the last three weeks, in a pit of Harton colliery, South Shields, 1260 feet deep. The observations consist in noting the vibrations of an invariable pendulum on the surface, and another at the bottom of the mine, both being mounted on firm iron stands, in a manner similarly to each other. These pendulums hang on knife-edges, resting on agate planes, thus sustaining little resistance from friction. If swung *in vacuo*, the vibrations would probably continue for 24 hours, and in their state as used, though liable to hindrance from atmospheric causes, yet the vibrations will continue at least eight or nine hours. Corrections are applied to the results for the effect of temperature, and also for buoyancy, or the effect produced by the pressure of the air on the pendulum. The vibrations are counted by the assistance of a clock, which is mounted immediately behind the detached pendulum, and thus by the aid of the clock, the number of vibrations in a certain time can be easily noted. To the centre of the bob of the clock pendulum is attached a small oval-shaped disk, covered with gold-leaf, and illuminated by a lamp. It is necessary in the adjustments that this disk, when stationary, should be hid by the detached pendulum, and that there should be a slit in the clock-case, which should also be just covered by it. A line, therefore, drawn through the centre of the telescope which is placed at a little distance, through the detached pendulum, the slit in the clock-case, and the illuminated disk on the clock pendulum, should be a straight line. Suppose the two pendulums set swinging, we should soon perceive that one was vibrating faster than the other, and that the disk would be gradually approaching the detached pendulum until it would be completely hid, and both pendulums would be going exactly together. This is called a coincidence, and is carefully noted to the nearest second of time. When the illuminated disk has re-appeared, which is generally in a few seconds, one pendulum will still continue gaining on the other until another coincidence takes place. The time is again noted, and thus we have the interval of coincidence, or the time occupied in one pendulum gaining two seconds over the other. The rate of one pendulum over the other is easily found, and as this operation is performed simultaneously at the upper and lower stations, nothing remains but the comparison of the two clocks. In the Astronomer Royal's former experiments in Cornwall this was the most difficult part of the operation. At that time it was necessary to fasten the chronometers to the body by means of straps, and then to ascend or descend by perpendicular ladders—a journey which occupied considerably more than an hour in its accomplishment. In the present experiments this section of the observations is quite, if not more satisfactory than the observation of coincidences. This is owing to the adaptation of galvanism to astronomical purposes, and by this means the comparison of the clocks is effected. A wire, properly coated with gutta serena, passes from one pole of the battery through a clock, which is so arranged as to push a spring, causing a galvanic circuit every fifteen seconds. From the clock the wire passes

through a galvanometer attached to the clock-case at the upper station, thence underground to the shaft, down which it descends to the lower station, where it passes through another galvanometer, also attached to the lower clock-case. It then returns up the shaft to the other pole of the battery, and thus the circuit is completed. Signals were simultaneously noticed by the observers at the upper and lower stations, which give a direct comparison of the two clocks. At the request of several scientific gentlemen, Professor Airy gave an explanation of his experiments to the members of the Mechanics' Institution, and Working Men's Institution of South Shields, but it will be some time before the interesting astronomical observations obtained will have been sufficiently reduced to arrive at the anticipated results.

From a report just presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, it appears that the aurora borealis was seen in the Observatory of that city on the 26th of last month. "The existence of the brilliant phenomenon," says the report, which was drawn up in the name of M. Leverrier, "was revealed to me by a red flash which suddenly illuminated my telescope, then directed towards the constellation of the Dragon. I immediately directed my attention towards it, and I saw the heavens near the horizon lighted up as by a vast conflagration. That lasted a few seconds, and then singular appearances were manifested. The aurora borealis showed itself to me in all its splendour at 14 h. precisely. At that moment, in the midst of a brilliant purple light (extending over a space of more than 30° to the west of the inferior meridian, and rising from the horizon towards the stars of the Dragon), brilliant rays of a reddish-yellow colour were immovable, and ranged vertically like the pipes of an organ, below the stars β and γ of the Dragon; a little nearer the meridian, under the stars θ and ι of the same constellation, other rays, also of a cylindric form, appeared simultaneously; some seemed fixed, and others movable; three of the latter seemed to displace themselves lengthwise; one in particular was very remarkable by the amplitude of its movement, which was comparable to that of the piston of a steam engine, of which the rise or fall takes place vertically in two seconds. As soon as the purple light was free from agitation, I endeavoured, although it was very brilliant, to observe it with the telescope. Then, in the midst of its greatest intensity and near the horizon, I was able perfectly to distinguish the stars of the fourth magnitude, σ , τ , and ν of the constellation of Hercules. After this examination, which only lasted two minutes, the light, which was still very red, and was situated beneath the stars of the Dragon, rapidly declined, and extended itself very widely, namely, from β of the Swan in the west, to beyond the star Procyon of the Canis Minor, then situated near the horizon to the east, which comprises about 200°." It is to be remarked that under the star η of Ursa Major, then very near the meridian, no light was produced, although the sky was very clear and without a cloud. At 14 h. 30 m. there remained no trace of this remarkable phenomenon."

The following letter was addressed to us last week by Messrs. Routledge and Co., the spirited publishers of the cheap issue of Sir Bulwer Lytton's works, but we deferred giving publicity to it until the receipt of the communication expected from the author:—

"2, Farringdon Street,
19th Oct., 1854.

"SIR,—A libellous statement having been issued by Messrs. S. Low and Son., in their 'Publishers' Circular' of the 16th instant, to the effect that,— 'It is currently reported that the agreement between Sir Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Routledge has been rescinded,' we lose not a moment in asking you to permit us, through the medium of your widely-circulated columns, to give a most unqualified denial to Messrs. S. Low and Son's unwarrantable assertion. So far from there being the slightest truth in this attack upon our house, we most positively and unequivocally assert, that not only does our agreement with Sir Bulwer Lytton remain

intact, but that we have fulfilled every engagement we entered into with him. We have communicated with Sir Bulwer Lytton, who is at present absent from town, but immediately we are in receipt of his answer we shall make it public. We may also be allowed to add that, so far from the issue of Sir Bulwer Lytton's works not answering, as Messrs. S. Low and Son have insinuated, the circulation has been quite equal to our expectations. We are, Sir, your obedient Servants,
GEO. ROUTLEDGE & Co."

The letter since written by Sir Bulwer Lytton is as follows:—

"Knobworth, October 21st, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—I was as much surprised as yourself by the paragraph in the 'Publishers' Circular.' Certainly, there has never been, on either side, a suggestion to rescind our engagement, nor the least hesitation on your part as to the fulfilment of the contract you have hitherto carried out with equal liberality and honour. You say truly that the circulation of the popular edition of my works is equal to the expectations formed when we discussed the subject. And it affords me sincere pleasure to learn that you see no cause to apprehend that the ultimate results will leave you a loser by your spirited reliance on the increase of the reading public, and the steady and progressive demand for cheap literature which is so distinguishing an attribute of our age. Yours truly,
E. BULWER LYTTON.

"G. Routledge, Esq., 2, Farringdon Street, City."

We trust the matter will end here. The statement was, beyond all doubt, made in error, and any injury that it may have occasioned has been most fully removed.

M. Lenormant, President of the Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres at Paris, made an interesting communication to the Academy in one of its recent sittings. A peasant was recently digging foundations for a house near the ancient priory of Saint Lambert de Malassia, near Bernay. He turned up a number of Roman tiles, medals, and other things, and presently came to a statue large as life, representing Hercules, and bearing the inscription, HERCVLI MERCVRIO SERQVINVS V.S.L.M. This Serquinius seems to have been an important personage in the neighbourhood; there is still a village called Serquigny, standing on the ruins of an old town which belonged to him. The excavations being continued, there were brought to light stones bearing crosses, doves, vases, and other Christian emblems, together with fragments of inscriptions. The fragments being placed together, the words "Christe Spiritus—Suspice orationem meam—Fiat pax in virtute tua," were made out. From these discoveries it is considered certain that a Christian temple was erected on the site on which a Pagan temple—as indicated by the statue—had originally stood. There was also discovered a tile, on which, in coloured characters, were the words REG—CHLO—ANNO X—indicating, according to M. Lenormant, Chlodoveus or Chlotarius. A number of other tiles were brought to light, bearing funeral inscriptions of persons named Barbara, Clemens, &c. &c.; a proof that a cemetery had been annexed to the temple. Further on were found stones bearing the inscriptions BAVDVLP and TEVDVLE, thus showing that Franks, as well as Roman Christians, had been interred in the cemetery; likewise one bearing in Runic characters the words, "Ingomir sen Hagen in Fridre Konoung Chlodoung Consul," which M. Lenormant supposes to be primitive German for "Ingomir, son of Hagen, in peace—Chlodoung reigning and Consul." This mention of Chlodoung (Clovis) as consul, fixes the date of the inscription between 508 and 511. From other inscriptions, M. Lenormant thinks himself warranted in concluding that Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris in the reign of Childebert, and probably also St. Cloud, visited the place on some grand occasion, of which it was deemed necessary to preserve a lasting record. In addition to what is mentioned, a number of other very curious discoveries have been made on the same spot, and amongst them is

what appears to be the remains of a place for baptizing by immersion.

The remains of Dr. Samuel Phillips, whose sudden decease we recorded in our last, were interred on Saturday in a vault in Sydenham churchyard, in the presence of some thirty or forty of his literary and other friends. At the conclusion of the funeral service, a subscription was entered into, at the suggestion of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, to erect a monument to Dr. Phillips's memory, and thirty guineas were collected on the spot. It was proposed that the subscriptions should not exceed a guinea each, and that the amount be limited to a hundred guineas. A committee, consisting of Mr. Jerrold, Mr. Delaine, Mr. Mowbray Morris, Mr. Farquhar, Mr. Latham, Mr. Mitchell, and one or two other gentlemen, was formed, and Mr. G. Bartley, 11, Webburn-square, accepted the office of treasurer. During his brief literary career, Dr. Phillips had managed, by the unaided labour of his pen, to invest about five thousand pounds in money and houses, and to pay the heavy premiums of insurances on his life, to the amount of six thousand more, all of which he had carefully disposed of by will to the best interests of his widow and children. We mention this for the sake of contrasting his conduct with that of many eminent literary spendthrifts and libertines of the past half century, whose improvidence and its consequences have been too frequently laid at the door of literature as a profession, and for the glorification of whom our sympathies have been too often undeservedly invoked.

Messrs. Longman and Co. are preparing for publication in the Traveller's Library, 'A Summer Tour in Central Europe, 1853—4,' by John Barrow, Esq., being a sequel to his 'Tour on the Continent by Rail and Road.'

The Paris obituary of the week comprises M. Vanderbuch, a landscape painter of some merit, and Louis Bastide, author of a life of Talleyrand (written in a very savage spirit), and of other works.

The great musical event of the week is the performance this day, at the Crystal Palace, of the band of the Imperial Regiment of Guides of France, together with no less than fifteen of our own regimental bands, and the great band of the company, all of whom, combined, are to perform, with most stentorian effect, the French and English national airs.

The new opera of Gounod, *La Nonne Sanglante*, of which we gave some account last week, has been repeated at the Académie Impériale at Paris. It is by common accord pronounced to be a very remarkable work, though by no means free from defects. The principal *morceau* is a symphony on the first appearance of the spectral nun. The hour is midnight, the scene the deserted ruins of an ancient mansion; the pale and sickly glimmering of the moon here and there serves only to make the darkness visible; the wind moans, frogs croak, dogs howl at a distance; then the grave yawns and gives up its dead, and the spectre stalks forth. All this—what can be only seen or felt, as well as what can be heard—the composer has contrived to express with wonderful power. Nothing indeed more moving, wild, or terrible, ever figured on the stage. It makes you shiver as with sepulchral cold, and turn deadly pale from fear. Many of the other *morceaux* display great power, and some striking originality; but none approach this. The general character of the new opera is, so to speak, scientific; it shows all the science and skill of an able master, but none of the exuberance of genius. Amongst the faults with which the composer is reproached are that many of his *morceaux* want melody, and that one or two others are scarcely disguised imitations of bits of one of his previous productions, and even of his great rival Meyerbeer; also, that in one or two cases he has failed to take full advantage of the situations in which his personages were placed. The execution of the opera, both vocal and instrumental, is, on the whole, very creditable. The great burden of the piece falls on the tenor Gueymard; the heroine, *Agnes*, and the Nun have com-

paratively little to do. M. Gounod is considered a bold man for having accepted so lugubrious a libretto as that of *La Nonne*. It was, it seems, offered to Meyerbeer, Halévy, Berlioz, and others, but they declined it. Berlioz, indeed, attempted to do something with it, but gave up the task in despair. The spectral and solemn character of the piece causes, it must be confessed, something like weariness; great part of "the business" has to be done in quasi-darkness, and darkness in a theatre is disagreeable and depressing.

A new play, by Mr. Tom Parry, author of *Harvest Home*, was produced at the Adelphi on last week, under the formidable announcement of a new and original drama, in four acts, called *The Summer Storm*. The story is too tedious and too tangled to tell within short compass, and we must therefore only mention a few of the chief incidents of the piece. Act the first opens on a summer morning; *Dicky Dawn* (Mr. Keeley), a birdcatcher, is whistling at his work, a band of merry hay-makers cross the field, headed by *Bessy Bushby* (Mrs. Keeley), the active clever manager of the neighbouring farmer, and *Mr. Liptore* (Mr. Paul Bedford), the village grocer, passes with his rod to angle in the brook. The play opens pleasantly with this rural scene, suggestive of Isaac Walton and quiet English country life. Next appear two young ladies, *Clara* (Mrs. Leigh Murray), an orphan, who has been wronged by a gentleman in town, and *Rachel* (Miss Woolgar), daughter of *Ronald Westbourne* (Mr. Leigh Murray), the mysterious occupant of a house in the village, with private doors and high walls, where it afterwards appears that he carries on the craft of forging bank notes. A thunder storm comes on, during which two travellers approach, and the lightning frightening one of their horses, the rider is supposed to be hurried frantically towards a chalk pit, but is saved by *Clara* causing a diversion, by rushing forward and waving her bonnet. The rescued rider turns out to be the false lover of *Rachel*; and the suitor of *Clara*, *Walter Atherston* (Mr. Parselle), and his companion is *Fitzwillmont*, a fashionable rogue from town (Mr. Selby). At the farmhouse, where all assemble while the storm lasts, *clair-voisants* take place; *Fitzwillmont* recognises in *Ronald* an old accomplice in villany, and *Rachel* and *Clara* discover how matters stand with *Atherston*. *Fitzwillmont* threatens to inform on *Ronald* if he does not come down handsomely with a large sum of money, to receive which he is to go to his house at night, *Ronald* resolving to take the opportunity of vengeance. The girls, meanwhile, had resolved to part for ever, and *Clara* gives *Rachel*, as a remembrance, the bonnet that she wore. *Atherston* seeking an interview with *Clara*, is misled by the bonnet, and follows the forger's daughter into her house. Here he falls into the deadly trap laid for *Fitzwillmont*. Groping in the dark he feels the floor of the chamber gradually moving from under him, and he is precipitated into the chasm beneath. The whole of this scene, with *Rachel*, dimly visible in the next room, amazed at the poor victim's cries, is an effective piece of melo-dramatic horror, followed by a series of scenes of flight, murder, arrest, suicide, madness, and a whole medley of dramatic catastrophes. In the closing scene, *Ronald* jumps out of a window while under arrest in the presence of a justice, and *Rachel* falls dead in the room. *Fitzwillmont*, the greatest villain of the two, is allowed to go scot-free. All these horrors are agreeably relieved by two capital scenes, in one of which *Dicky Dawn*, the bird-catcher, has found a pocket-book of forged notes, which had fallen from *Ronald's* coat, and resolves to become a great and happy man with a public-house, and a horse and *shay, to take charge of which he has already hired *Simon Peat* (Mr. J. Rogers). The ludicrous reverse when the two are arrested forms one of the best parts of the play. There is also great cleverness and liveliness in the scene between *Bessy Bushby*, and her big bout of an admirer, *Mr. Liptore*. With regard to the literary and dramatic merits of the play it abounds in bustling incidents and in startling positions, suitable for "Adelphi effects," but this straining after "powerful in-

terest" was greatly overdone, and the whole affair was several times on the verge of passing from the horrible to the ludicrous. At some points, as when *Clara* joins *Rachel* in the chalk pit, and when *Bessy* points the pistols at *Fitzwillmont*, and when the *Justice* recognises in *Clara* the daughter of a mother lost long ago in Spain, the laughter of the audience could not be restrained. To diminish aught of the melo-dramatic excitement would not, we suppose, meet the business requirements of the piece, for these artificial condiments are but too attractive, but Mr. Parry would improve his play by omitting some of the absurd complications of plot, as well as some of the commonplace puns and jokes by which it is at present disfigured. As a literary production the drama is of little merit, and calls for no further remarks. *Dicky Dawn* is a well-drawn and well-sustained character, and could have been made more of, if seen apart from the lurid glare of other parts of the piece.

At the Olympic this week, in a new play—*The Trustee*—adapted from the French, Mr. Wigan's representation of the principal character is a remarkable piece of acting. The story is severely simple, and the leading incidents few and ordinary, with the exception of the one on which the plot turns. *M. Deslandes* (Mr. Wigan) has been left trustee for the property of an old military friend, and in the troubled times of the close of the Empire and the Cossack invasion, he thinks it safest to keep the treasure hidden in his house. *Caussade* (Mr. Emery), nephew of *Deslandes'* friend, appears to claim the money just when the old man's daughter *Angeline* (Miss Maskell) is on the point of being married to the son of *Baron de Maugirrolle* (Mr. F. Vining), by which match the estate of the Maugirrolles, now in *M. Deslandes'* possession, will revert to the old family. When *M. Deslandes* goes to fetch the money, it is not to be found. He says he has been robbed, but the world will say he has used the money; the more so, as he is known to have had great commercial losses. The terrible distress of the honourable old man is rendered with much effect by Mr. Wigan. It turns out that in a fit of somnambulism he had himself removed the money, and hid it elsewhere, as he discloses in a second fit, witnessed by his friends. Mr. Vining's acting of the nobleman of the old school, and Mr. Emery's, of the blunt young soldier of the Empire, is very good. But the chief point in the piece is the exhibition of mental distress by Mr. Wigan. This is very strikingly given, but the effect is too painfully impressive to be agreeable, and the piece, as a whole, is not one likely to prove popular.

Of other dramatic events of the week, the most noticeable is the production of a new drama at the Marlborough Theatre—*Vidua*, of the literary merits of which we may afterwards have to speak. At Sadler's Wells, *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, proves an attractive spectacle. At Astley's, *The Battle of Alma* has been produced. We suppose in this case the end may partly justify the means, popular interest in the war being maintained and strengthened; otherwise, there is something revolting in the turning of a scene like that of *Alma* into a joke and a spectacle. However, those who have this feeling are not likely to be present at the performance; and the bustling and brilliant scenes on the combined stage and arena, which form the battle-field, present striking imitations of the "pomp and circumstance" of real war.

Roger has decidedly quitted the Grand Opera at Paris. His loss will be severely felt, as, though his powers for some time past have not been what they used to be, there is no one to replace him. He will, it is expected, absent himself from Paris for some time, as he has accepted engagements in Germany and Italy.

A new ballet by Taglioni has been brought out at Vienna, but the *corps de ballet* are out of humour with it, as a lamb, an ass, two horses, and other domestic animals, are made to figure in it.

In consequence of the flight of Mlle. Cruvelli from the Grand Opera at Paris, the production of the new opera which Verdi wrote expressly for

her and for that house, has become impossible. He has accordingly withdrawn it.

M. Berlioz, the well-known French composer and critic, has been nominated member "by merit" of the Dutch Society for the Encouragement of Musical Art at Rotterdam.

We mentioned in a recent number that the Italian newspapers had announced that Rossini had been dangerously ill, and had lost his mind. The Turin journals of a later date assert, we perceive, that this statement is totally unfounded. This news will be received with universal pleasure.

Two awful melodramas, called *Amours Maudits* and *Oisieux de Proie*, have been produced at the Ambigu and the Gaité at Paris; one by M. Dugue, the other by the well-known Denney. They bear a wonderful resemblance to each other, and are no doubt drawn from the same source—that is, filched from the same novel. They show up modern villany in rather strong colours; but, though containing one or two effective scenes, are too disjointed to be of great merit. Nevertheless, they were successful; indeed, almost everything of five-act dimensions succeeds in Paris now-a-days.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL. — May 12th. — 2. 'Notes on Experiments relative to Lunar Photography and the Construction of Reflecting Specula,' by the Earl of Rosse. "As you mentioned to me in one of your letters that the Astronomical Society would be glad to hear from time to time what we are doing, there are two or three little matters I have been recently engaged in which may, perhaps, interest them. First, as to lunar photography. I have constructed a smooth motion-clock to carry the plate of glass, and its performance is satisfactory. The regulator is thus made: there are two levers with balls on the extremities, which exactly balance in every position; they are acted upon by two springs with screw adjustment, and on the expansion of the balls the regulating friction takes place at the ring A. The object was to obtain a regulator independent of position. The direction of the motion of the glass plate is regulated by an adjustable slide, and we set the slide by trial, not by a table computed for the purpose. To set the slide, an eye-piece, with lines truly parallel to the slide, is inserted. By such means a pretty picture of the moon can be obtained, but at present I believe there is no known photographic process which is sufficiently sensitive to give details in the least degree approaching to the way in which they are brought out by the eye. The application of such a smooth motion-clock to instruments not equatorially mounted, may, perhaps, be important, as it affords great facilities for the use of the micrometer. With our three-foot telescope, I have no doubt, excellent micrometric measures might be obtained; and with a somewhat enlarged small speculum, there would be ample time without hurry. For all objects but the moon, a table might be constructed with little trouble for setting the slide, which would save time. You recollect, no doubt, how greatly superior silver would be to speculum metal, if it could be as well and as easily polished as speculum metal. At the Ipswich meeting of the British Association I described a process which had been, to a certain extent, successful. It is difficult, however, and uncertain; and as a silver surface, is very perishable: it would scarcely be worth while to employ it, except under special circumstances. Another method which I have very recently tried is perfectly easy, and promises well. A plate of glass is coated with silver by precipitation from saccharate of silver. The silver film is then varnished with tincture of shell-lac, and when dry the temperature of the glass is gradually raised to the fusing point of shell-lac. Pieces of shell-lac are then laid upon it, and over them a piece of thick glass. A slight weight presses out the superfluous shell-lac, and the whole having gradually cooled, the silver film adheres permanently to the shell-lac, the glass upon which it had been originally precipitated being easily removed without injuring it. We have thus a silver surface apparently as true as

the glass upon which it had been precipitated, and with a beautiful polish. The experiment is imperfect so far as this, that as yet merely common plate glass has been tried, and not a true glass surface; and as I am about to set out for London, I shall have no opportunity for some time of completing these experiments. With the view of applying Mr. Lassell's levers to one of our six-foot specula, should there be a reasonable prospect of improving its performance in that way, I have tried some experiments as to the practicability of drilling speculum metal. I find it can be drilled by a tubular drill of soft iron and emery, the core being from time to time removed by a pointed chisel and a very light hammer, by which it can be safely broken up gradually. A drill with diamonds set in a groove cuts it well also; and even a drill of perfectly hard steel, revolving slowly, cuts it well; so that there can be no serious difficulty in making the necessary perforations." The Astronomer Royal having resigned the chair to Mr. Sheepshanks, proceeded to give a full explanation to the meeting of the various experiments alluded to in the foregoing communication from Lord Rosse, his remarks being rendered readily intelligible by means of models, which he had caused to be constructed for the purpose of illustration, and which had been obligingly forwarded by him to the apartments of the Society. He pointed out the advantage which the system of supports for resisting edgewise pressure, now proposed by Lord Rosse, would have over that of Mr. Lassell, of which it was a modification, namely, that in the case of a reflector being mounted equatorially, it would prevent the possibility of undue pressure against the side of the supporting-ring during the period when the telescope was being pointed to a celestial object; whereas in Mr. Lassell's system the supports come into their proper operation only after the position of the speculum has been rectified by rotating the tube in its cradle: this is a point of great importance in large specula, as it is found that they do not immediately recover their normal figure after distortion by pressure. At the same time, he took occasion to repeat that he still thought it preferable to avoid the rotation of the telescope tube in its cradle altogether, which the altazimuth mounting he had proposed would effect, and yet still provide for an equatorial movement in the telescope, although he was aware that Mr. De la Rue was of opinion that the difficulties of mounting very large telescopes on an equatorial stand might be overcome. The Astronomer Royal also pointed out, that if such a mounting were adopted, it would be desirable so to construct the system of supports for resisting the pressure perpendicular to the surface of the mirror, as to admit of the fulcrum of the levers for resisting edgewise pressure being carried by them, in order that the ends of the levers might support the pressures in all directions equally, without constraining the mirror in any way, and without impeding its change of position by any sensible friction.

3. Report of the Astronomer Royal to the Board of Visitors, read at the Annual Visitation of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, 1854, June 3. The present Report to the Board of Visitors may be understood as recording the general condition of the Observatory on 1854, May 26, and the transactions from 1853, May 22, to that time. *Grounds and Buildings.*—I alluded in the last Report to the necessity for a new fire-proof room. The want of this became so evident that in the last autumn I submitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a proposal for constructing one in the present year; and in consequence a sum of 550*l.*, applicable to that purpose, has been granted on the Navy Estimates. The plan has been arranged in concert with Lieut.-Colonel Greene, R.E., civil architect of the Admiralty. *Astronomical Instruments.*—The transit-circle has not received or required any alteration. Its efficiency is perfect. The new mounting of the quicksilver trough, to which I alluded in the last Report, is in use, and is found advantageous, as I expected. It has required a new crane cistern for the store of quicksilver. Troughs both of iron and copper are

adapted to the mounting, and sometimes one and sometimes the other is employed, according as the observer prefers to submit to the inconvenience of tremor with the iron trough, or loss of light with that of copper. The transit-circle for the Cape Observatory, at the last advices, had been safely received at the Cape, but was not mounted. The reflex zenith-tube is in general good order, and is, generally speaking, perfectly efficient. Still I think that its efficiency will be improved, as regards both the number and the excellence of the observations, by transferring it to a site where it will be less subject to tremor. The altazimuth is in the same state as in the last years, and is completely efficient. Still I cannot deny that, with the experience that I have gained in the construction of the transit-circle, I could now construct a better altazimuth—better, however, rather in convenience than in accuracy. In the particular point which I mentioned in my last Report (the counterpoise friction-wheels of the horizontal axis), I still contemplate a change. The barrel apparatus for the American method of transits has been practically brought into use; not, however, without a succession of difficulties, arising from causes sometimes very hard to discover. When the instrument was approaching to a serviceable state, there still remained an imperfection in the ill-defined form of the punctures on the paper. At this juncture, Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N., paid me a brief visit, and in the course of inspection of the instruments he alluded to this very defect, and to the method which had been used in America for its remedy. Although my apparatus did not admit of the same application, yet, possessed of the principle, I had no difficulty in embodying it in a form adapted to my wants: the prickers were mounted on springs, and now the punctures are perfectly round. The paper on which the punctures are to be made is folded in a wet state, upon a brass cylinder covered with a single thickness of tailor's woollen cloth, and has its edges united by glue. The punctures, it will be remembered, are produced by two systems of prickers, which have nothing in common except that they are carried by the same travelling frame, which moves slowly in the direction of the barrel-axis, while the barrel revolves beneath it. These require separate notice. One pricker is driven by a galvanic magnet, whose galvanic circuit is completed at every second of sidereal time. It was at first intended by me that the completion of the circuit should be effected by the same smooth-motion clock (regulated by a conical pendulum) which drives the barrel. I found, however, that I could not ensure such a constancy in the radial arc of the pendulum as would make its rate sufficiently uniform to entitle it to be considered as the fundamental clock; and, moreover, there was a little difficulty in referring its indications to those of the transit-clock (which must be used in some cases). I, therefore, carried wires from the pricker-magnet to the transit-clock, connected there with springs whose contact is made at every second by the transit-clock. At first the contact was made by the touch of a pin fixed in the pendulum-rod: and this construction for a time answered well. But it so happens that, in our transit-clock, the pendulum is carried by one frame, and the point of attachment of the galvanic springs by a different frame: it was impossible to maintain these in steady adjustment; and the rate of the clock was sensibly disturbed. I have now adopted the following construction, which promises to succeed better. A wheel of sixty teeth is fixed on the escape-wheel axis, and the teeth of this wheel in succession make momentary contacts of the galvanic springs. The position of the springs is so adjusted that the effort of the wheel-tooth upon them occurs only when one escape-tooth has passed the sloping surface of the pallet, and the other escape-tooth is dropping upon its bearing; and thus the resistance of the springs does in no way affect the legitimate action of the train upon the pendulum. The other pricker is driven by a galvanic magnet, whose circuit is completed by an arbitrary touch made by an observer's finger upon a contact-piece. Of contact-pieces there are three. One is upon the eye-end

of the transit-circle: it effects the contact of two brass rings which (by means of wires passing in the interior of the tubes) are connected with two other brass rings surrounding the axis and touched respectively by two springs on the pier leading to the galvanic wires. The other two contact-pieces are upon the rotating base-plate of the altazimuth (one to be used with vertical face to the right, the other with vertical face to the left); the parts which they bring together carry springs which touch two large horizontal rings on the fixed base; and these rings are connected with branches of the same pair of wires which communicate with the altazimuth. Thus altazimuth observations are referred absolutely to the same time-record as transit-circle observations. It is necessary to mark upon the revolving barrel the beginnings of some minutes and the numeration of some hours and minutes. This is done by arbitrary punctures given by the observer's touch, upon a simple system which scarcely merits detailed description. In order to guide the eye through the multitude of dots upon the sheet, lines of ink are traced by means of a glass pen, which is attached to the same frame as that by which the prickers are carried. Wires have been inserted in the wire plates, both of the transit-circle and of the altazimuth, at intervals adapted to the rapid observation by touch. The wires of the transit-circle and the vertical wires of the altazimuth are adapted to intervals of about 42" and 48" of arc; the intervals of the horizontal wires of the altazimuth do not exceed 24" of arc. They are probably the smallest intervals that have ever been used. The old systems of wires are not disturbed, nor rendered confused; so that, with the transit-circle, either seven wires may be observed by ear, or nine by touch; and with the altazimuth (in either dimension) either six by ear or six by touch. I have only to add that this apparatus is now generally efficient. It is troublesome in use, consuming much time in the galvanic preparations, the preparation of the paper, and the translation of the puncture-indications into figures. But among the observers who use it there is but one opinion on its astronomical merits; that, in freedom from personal equation and in general accuracy, it is very far superior to the observation by eye and ear. The galvanic apparatus for giving time-signals, for dropping the time-ball, and for maintaining the movement of sympathetic clocks, is in the same state as at the last Report, with this addition only,—that a separate battery, galvanic needle, and pair of contact springs, are appropriated to the wire on which the current is sent to drop the time ball at Deal at 1^h (the contact being completed by the same movement of a galvanic magnet which drops our own ball), and that the fall of our ball-tumbler then effects such a change in the connexions of the wires, that the galvanic needle is in a state fit to receive the return-signal given by the Deal ball when it reaches the end of its fall. The hour-circle microscopes of the north, or Shuckburgh's equatorial, are in Mr. Simms's hands for alteration. In other respects, the equatorials, micrometers, &c., are in their usual good state. Preparations have been made for attaching a photographic apparatus to the east, or Sheepshanks' equatorial. The old instruments of the Observatory have been preserved almost untouched since the last meeting of the Visitors. *Observations.*—The long-established plan of meridional observations is preserved unaltered in its essential points. The standard stars of the extended list, as well as those of the 'Nautical Almanac' list, are observed (the latter twenty times in three years, if possible), and all the bodies of the solar system at every opportunity (the moon only being observed on Sundays). The whole number of observations from May 22, 1853, to May 26, 1854, is nearly as follows (an observation of two limbs, or a duplicate transit by eye and by touch, being counted as two):—In the transit department: transits, 4502; observations of collimators, 317; observations of one transit-wire by reflexion, 317; observations of one collimator by the other, 53. In the meridian-circle department: observations of all kinds, 4590. The intervals of transit-wires have been determined

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by collimator-observations when it appeared necessary. The ordinary routine of transit-observations is the same as last year. Of clock stars and planets it is unnecessary to speak: the adjustment-observations are,—weekly comparisons of collimators, daily observations of collimators with the transit-telescope and of the wires by reflexion, observations of circumpolar stars when possible. It has been necessary to add to these, comparisons of the transits by ear and by touch, as the ear-observation must be used still for the very slowly moving stars. For the circle adjustments, there are weekly observations of runs of microscope-micrometers, daily observations of the wire by reflexion, and observations of stars by reflexion when practicable. With the reflex zenith tube, observations of γ Draconis have been obtained on thirty-nine days. The principle of using quicksilver in a copper pan has not been adopted here. The observations with the altazimuth have been conducted as in the last two years. The number of days of complete observations of the moon is 209, or 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ per lunation, against 117 with the transit circle, or 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ per lunation. Of the altazimuth observations, 0 are when the moon passed the meridian between 0^h and 1^h, 3 between 1^h and 2^h, 9 between 2^h and 3^h, 5 between 3^h and 22^h, 0 between 22^h and 23^h, 1 between 23^h and 24^h. There is only one corresponding observation on the meridian, namely, between 2^h and 3^h. The whole number of separate observations of moon and stars with the altazimuth is 976; and the whole number of separate observations of its collimator is 712. The equatorials have been used for observing the third comet of 1853, and the great comet of 1854. The former observations do not, perhaps, possess any particular value. No observations have been made on the solar spots. The double-image micrometer has been used for measures of γ Virginis (two evenings), and of Saturn's rings (six evenings). *Reduction of Observations.*—Although our reductions are in a perfectly healthy state, quite complete in everything that demands judgment and recollection of the circumstances under which the observations were made, and now requiring only masses of mechanical calculations, yet they are not so forward as I could wish. They are, however, almost more forward than I could expect; for very much time has been consumed in general galvanic arrangements, in the arrangements for the galvanic drop of a time-ball at Deal, in the reducing to practical efficiency the American method for transits, and in the operations for the longitude of Brussels; and very much time also in the reading of the great number of proof-sheets lately received. The maintenance of our computations, under these circumstances, in a forward state, is due almost entirely to the skilful and orderly arrangements and the unwearied personal attention of Mr. Main. For transits, the clock times of true transits are formed to May 13; the apparent right ascensions from observation to May 12; the star corrections are computed to May 20, and are applied to March 5. For the circle observations the concluded circle readings are completed to May 20; the apparent zenith distances to May 6; and the north polar distances from observation to April 1. The star corrections are computed to April 1, but are not yet applied. The observations with the reflex zenith tube are reduced to May 19. With the altazimuth, the zenith distances are completely reduced to April 20, and the altazimuths to Feb. 22; the tabular computations of zenith distance and azimuth are complete to March 17; and the errors of zenith distance and azimuth are converted into errors of R.A. and N.P.D. to the end of 1853. The results are very satisfactory. The observations with the double-image micrometer are fully reduced. For 1853 the means of the star-places in ledger are completely or very nearly finished, but the star-catalogue is not commenced. No effective work is done to the solar, lunar, and planetary reductions, beyond the formation of the separate errors in R.A. and N.P.D. As soon as the observations of 1853 shall be sufficiently reduced, I propose to prepare a new star-catalogue, based on the six years' observations

from 1848 to 1853. *Printing of Astronomical Observations.*—I stated in my last 'Report' that the printing of the Observations for 1852 was scarcely commenced at the time of the last meeting of the Visitors. For a long time the printing went on so slowly that I almost despaired of ever again seeing the Observations in a creditable state. After a most harassing correspondence, the printers were at length persuaded to move more actively, and for some time the printing advanced at the rate of five sheets per week. This, of course, has contributed greatly to bring the press-work into proper condition; but the volume is still very much behind its usual time of publication. The astronomical part is (with the exception of a small part of the introduction) finished. The magnetic results are printed as far as the month of May. Two appendixes are printed, which I trust the Visitors will regard with interest. One is an elaborate description of the transit-circle, illustrated with sixteen plates. The proofs of the plates have been received, but they are not finally passed for working off. The other is a statement of the regulations, public and private, of the Royal Observatory. These were drawn up in consequence of an application of a foreign State to the British Government; and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty ultimately decided that the paper should be printed for public reference. A large quantity of the manuscripts of observations and reductions for 1853 is prepared for the printer, and has recently been forwarded to him for printing. *Printing of Magnetical and Meteorological Observations.*—The magnetical indications are printed to the end of May, 1852. No other part of this section is printed for 1852: the whole of the manuscript is in the printers' hands. Under this head I may appropriately record the efforts that we have made for multiplying copies of our photographic registers. The subject had long been in our contemplation, and some apparatus, suggested by a gentleman to whom we are very greatly indebted for the efficiency of our photographic operations, had been long since prepared. For some time, perhaps, I trusted too much to the assistance which might be obtained from persons extraneous to our own establishment. In the last winter, however, Mr. Glaisher took up the matter with his usual vigour. It was soon found that by the agency of the sun-light upon the back of an original photograph, whose face was pressed closely by means of a glass plate upon proper photographic paper below, there would be no difficulty in preparing negative and inverted secondaries, and, from them, positive and erect tertiaries. The process is so simple, and admits of repetition to such an extent, that it may be considered infallible; and all that was requisite was, that the primaries should be good. By diminishing the quantity of iodide of potassium in the preparation of the paper; by slightly touching the dark curves, as soon as they are brought out, with nitrate of silver; and by diminishing the quantity of hypo-sulphite of soda; very pure grounds with black lines are obtained. The sheets are fitted up with their apparatus of time-scales, base-lines, &c., and are then waxed: secondaries and tertiaries are taken from them; and the last, if the operation is properly conducted, are in every respect as good for ulterior uses as the originals. Beyond the trouble to ourselves (accompanied with some small expense) of making secondaries, and the expense of making tertiaries through the instrumentality of some professional person, I anticipate no difficulty in multiplying copies to any extent which the Visitors may desire. *Chronometers, Communication of Time, and Operations for Longitude.*—The number of chronometers now on hand is about sixty, of which sixteen are makers' chronometers on trial. The chronometers are rated daily or weekly; the trial-chronometers are rated in heat and in cold; the abstracts of rates are formed; and the repairs are superintended, as in former years. The normal-clock, with its small adjusting apparatus (described in last year's Report), has been in constant use, and has been found exceedingly convenient. It drops the Greenwich ball and the Strand ball, it sends daily signals along several railways, and it maintains in sympathetic

movement several clocks by galvanic currents. Among other clocks thus moved, one is in the chronometer-room, one is at the entrance gate, and one is at the South-Eastern Railway Offices, London-bridge. With the sanction of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital it has lately been arranged by the Rev. George Fisher and myself, that two wires shall be swung across the lower part of Greenwich-park, from the top of the Octagon Room of the Royal Observatory to the Observatory of the Hospital Schools, for carrying the galvanic currents which will maintain the movement of a sympathetic clock at the School Observatory. I alluded, in my last 'Report,' to the erection of a time-signal ball at Deal, to be dropped every day by a galvanic current from the Royal Observatory. The ball has now been erected by Messrs. Maudslays and Field, and is an admirable specimen of the workmanship of those celebrated engineers. The galvanic connexion with the Royal Observatory (through the telegraph wires of the South-Eastern Railway) is perfect. The automatic changes of wire-communications are so arranged that, when the ball at Deal has dropped to its lowest point, it sends a signal to Greenwich to acquaint me, not with the time of the beginning of its fall (which cannot be in error), but with the fact that it has really fallen. The ball has several times been dropped experimentally with perfect success; and some small official and subsidiary arrangements alone are wanting for bringing it into constant use. I can scarcely convey to the Visitors how much I am indebted to the South-Eastern Railway Company and the Electric Telegraph Company, and to their principal telegraph officers, Charles V. Walker, Esq., and Latimer Clark, Esq., for the liberality and even the zeal with which they have assisted me in every step of these preparations. Without the cordial aid of Mr. Walker, in particular, it would have been impossible to complete the work. The best line of wires on the railway has been devoted to this purpose, and the shifting connexions have been modified to diminish the resistance and remove the chances of disturbance as much as possible. No step has yet been taken for the galvanic determination of the longitude of Oxford Observatory, although I believe that the preparations within that building are now complete. The determination of the difference of longitude with the Paris Observatory had long been contemplated as one of the important uses of our galvanic connexions. In the last summer and autumn, I recommenced correspondence with Messrs. Arago and Laugier for this object; and one of my letters to M. Arago was addressed to him on the very day of his death. Deeply do I grieve that this operation was not finished in time for him to know the results: not a day, however, had been lost in pressing it forward. It was obviously impossible then to proceed with it; and I considered myself at liberty to take measures, in concert with M. Quetelet, for our difference of longitude with Brussels. The Submarine and European Telegraph Company, through an unusually protracted operation, gave their warmest assistance. A most able assistant from the Brussels Observatory, M. Bouvy, came to Greenwich, and Mr. Dunkin went to Brussels: when the operation was half finished, the observers returned to their original posts. The signals were continued every night (an hour each night) until three nights' signals had been obtained, accompanied with unexceptionable transits, in each part of the operation; and these alone were retained as available for longitude. Thus, about 3000 effective signals were made, but only 1000 of these were admissible for the fundamental objects of the operation. The result, I need scarcely remark, claims a degree of accuracy to which no preceding determination of longitude could ever pretend. I apprehend that the probable error in the difference of time corresponds to not more than one or two yards upon the earth's surface. One of the earliest steps taken by M. Le Verrier, after his appointment to the charge of the Observatory of Paris, had reference to the determination of our longitude-difference. All important preliminaries are now arranged, and I trust to be able to report

orally to the Visitors the commencement, or probably the conclusion, of this long-desired operation. The perfection of our galvanic connexion with Edinburgh having been fully established by the operations of last year, I had proposed to use it for the determination of the longitude of a more distant point. For checking the azimuthal accuracy of our great national survey, as well as for giving (by interpolation) the error of longitude of every point of our coasts, I had intended to determine, with the utmost accuracy, the longitude of Lerwick, in Shetland. I proposed to establish a galvanic connexion with a comparing-observatory on the Granton Pier, and to transmit the time from that point to a selected station in the neighbourhood of Lerwick, by a large number of chronometers carried in the steam-boat which plies between Granton and Lerwick. With the sanction of the Admiralty, a grant of money for defraying the expenses was inserted in the navy estimates; and other preparations were made. Unfortunately, the demand for chronometers caused by our large naval armament has been so considerable, that I cannot reckon on having at my disposal a sufficient number to carry on this operation successfully; and I have, therefore, unwillingly deferred it to a more peaceful time. *General Remarks.*—The past year has, on the whole, been felt as a laborious one. This has arisen from a cumulation of several perfectly distinct causes. The order of our printing has been disturbed, and this has produced great disarrangement of all our ordinary daily work. The establishment of our galvanic system, and its application to American transits, to public time-signals, and more especially to the longitude determination, has caused to the establishment in general, and to myself in particular, a great consumption of time. The preparation of the Observatory Regulations, and of the Description of the Transit-Circle, and the closing of the business of the Standard Commission, have required a great amount of writing which could be entrusted to no one but myself. I may confidently hope that in the next following years several of these causes will not be in action. Still I am impressed with the feeling that the strength of our establishment is now loaded to the utmost that it can bear. A brief review of the progress of the science of astronomy and of the arts related to it, will show that this must be expected. The number of known planets has been largely increased; and I cannot think that in this National Observatory the neglect of any one of the bodies of the solar system is permissible. The American method of transits adds to our labours; but it appears likely to contribute to accuracy, and it will give facilities for the record of the observations made at other observatories, upon our registering-barrels; and, if these advantages are established by experience, the method must be maintained. The public dissemination of accurate time brings some trouble; but it is a utilitarian application of the powers of the Observatory so important that it must be continued. The galvanic determination of difference of longitude brings with it a mass of work in negotiations, in preparations, and in calculations; but it produces results of such unimpeachable excellence, and of such value to astronomy and geodesy, that it must in any wise be preserved as part of our system. Time is consumed in experiments for the improvement of our photographic process, and in measures for the multiplication of copies: but these are worthy objects of attention, which it would be wrong to neglect. All these are additions to the labours of the Observatory as they existed a few years ago, unbalanced by any corresponding subtraction. This increase of labour has been met (or partially met), not by an increase of the number of fixed assistants, but by an increase of the number of supernumerary computers. And this is, in my opinion, the cheapest and most efficient way of supplying our want. The position of the permanent assistants is in some degree altered by this organization. Formerly they were simple observers and simple computers: now, without losing the responsibility of personal work, each of them has a subordinate computer, whose work

is placed almost entirely under his control. The admirable conduct of all the assistants and computers on the establishment justifies me in saying, that the characters of all parties rise under this arrangement.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Wednesday.—Geological, 8 p.m.—(1. Dr. Rubidge on the occurrence of Gold in South Africa. Communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S.; 2. Mr. W. Bray on the occurrence of Copper in Tennessee. Communicated by the President; 3. Mr. J. W. Dawson on the occurrence of a Reptilian Skull in the Coal at Picton. Communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

Saturday.—Medical, 8 p.m.—(General Meeting.)

. The Secretaries of the Learned Societies are requested to forward to us their cards of Meetings as soon as convenient.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Mainz, 21st October.

The first approach to Mayence from Frankfort is very beautiful; the broad stream of the Rhine which separates the town from the Duchy of Nassau, swarms with boats, steamers, rafts, and mills; the long bridge of boats bears its current of human life ever moving to and fro, and the lofty towers, spires, and bellries, give the town an appearance of much greater interest and importance than it really possesses. The cathedral is old, dating from the eleventh century, but possesses no beauty of architecture, and little interest except from the monuments of the Episcopal Electors of Mayence. In the market-place there is a monument to Gutenberg, the inventor of moveable types, cast in bronze by a Parisian artist, from the original model by Thorwaldsen. I do not think it is as full of power or dignity as his works generally are. I was anxious to see the Art Union Exhibition, and went at once to the theatre, in a part of which building the pictures are placed; I found as, indeed, I have usually done in these provincial towns, a great collection of pictures, none of first-rate excellence, but at the same time very few which might be called decidedly bad. Out of the 461 works of art now under exhibition, between 180 and 200 were already sold, principally to the seven different Art Unions which form this group. Of the Rhenish Unions, all the pictures of great pretension were failures, but there were several landscapes and *tableaux de genre* of considerable beauty. In one room I found Dupont's excellent engraving of Paul de la Roche's *Hémicycle*, about the same size as de la Roche's copy of the fresco, which was exhibited last year in the French Exhibition in London. The cathedral at Cologne has just come into possession of a valuable work of art, *The Assumption of the Virgin*, by Overbeck. It is at the present time being exhibited at Dusseldorf, but will shortly be placed in the cathedral. It is one of the largest pictures I know of by this master, indeed I can remember none like it, except those at Lubeck, Frankfort, Hamburg, and in Count Racinsky's gallery. This picture is rich in figures and masterly in drawing, but as in all Overbeck's works, faulty in colouring. The Virgin is represented, seated on a throne, surrounded by angels, and borne aloft to Heaven by two Cherubim. She sets with folded hands, and a face full of innocence and pious feeling. In the foreground the Apostles stand wrapt in awe and astonishment round the empty grave of the Holy Virgin. There are numerous other figures in the picture; Adam and Eve, and the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; between the patriarchs and the prophets there is a group of women, looking up with love and reverence to the mother of the holy Saviour. This picture is destined for the altar of one of the shrines of the cathedral, but I fear its beauty will be lost from the want of a proper light. A monument is about to be erected to the philosopher Schelling, in Ragaz, the town where he died, by the King of Bavaria. It is to be partly in marble and partly in iron, and including the bust, will be about fifteen feet high. The government of St. Gall has also set apart funds towards raising a monument to his memory. From Constance we

learn that a valuable altar-piece by Hans Storer, in the church of St. Stephen, had been totally destroyed by fire, but the church itself saved, though with some difficulty. The accident occurred from the falling of one of the lighted candles on the altar. A memorial has lately been erected in Ferlach to commemorate the escape of Francis Joseph, the Austrian Emperor, from assassination on the 18th February, 1853. It consists of a column erected on a hexagonal base, fifteen feet in diameter; the column is twenty-four feet high. The pedestal is made of four different kinds of marble taken from the neighbouring quarries, viz.—granite, serpentine, red marble, and conglomerate, giving, indeed, with the steps to it, which are made of sandstone, limestone, and porphyry, a complete history of the geological formation of the country. The King of Bavaria has conferred on Baron Humboldt the Maximilian Order of Knighthood. The Ex-king visited the great Munich Industrial Exhibition a few days ago for the first time, and the building was in consequence more crowded than it had ever been since its opening, there being 9055 visitors, besides the holders of season tickets, being nearly double the highest number at any one time during the season. The Exhibition of Munich may, I think, be looked upon as a complete failure, a result brought about in no small measure by the cholera. A gentleman, who has not allowed his name to transpire, has just placed 6000 francs (in the Belgian funds), at the disposal of the Brussels Academy of Sciences, to be given with the accumulating interest as a prize, in the 'classe des lettres et sciences morales' for the best essay which will decide the question whether Charles the Great was born in the province of Liege or not,—the question must be positively settled, yes, or no,—the first of January, 1856, is the last day allowed for sending in essays; the money to bear interest from January the 1st, 1854. A new volume of Bodensiedt's translations of Alexander Pushken, the Russian poet's works, has just appeared; the poems, among which 'Eugen Onegin,' are very well translated. Madame Duvalant (George Sand) a correspondent informs us, has been spending the summer at the Chateau of Rohandt, where she has set up a small theatre in which she has all her new plays rehearsed and acted before they appear in Paris. Her mode of living is simple and unostentatious. She has a good income, the greater part of which she spends in charity. She is very friendly with the peasants, lets them sit at her table, listens to them, cheers them, and comforts them under sorrow and sickness. She spends her own time chiefly in literary labours.

VARIETIES.

American Notes.—Laura Bridgman is writing her Autobiography. She is spending the summer of her twenty-fifth year with Dr. Morton, at Halifax, Mass., whose wife was amongst her earliest teachers.

A History of Alabama, designed and adapted to the use of schools, will be published shortly in Montgomery, Ala. While it will embrace all of the most important facts of Col. Pickett's work, it will bring the History to a much later period.

Mr. H. C. Baird is about to publish a volume of Reminiscences by W. B. Wood, entitled 'Personal Recollections of the Stage,' and it will contain notices of all the leading characters who have been prominent as actors in our country for the past fifty years.

ERRATUM.

In page 904, col. 2, for *Apollodorus* read *Eratosthenes*.

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CHARLES GRAHAM, Esq., F.S.A., in the Chair.

Statements of accounts from the formation of the Company down to the 31st December last, were laid before the meeting, from which the following is abstracted:—

That during the year ending 31st December, 1853, 418 new policies have been issued, assuring £301,188, and yielding, in annual premiums, a sum of £13,035 4s. 3d.

That the yearly income exceeds £123,000.

That the property of the Company, as at 31st December last, amounts to £481,598 10s. 11d.

That the sum assured by each policy from the commencement averages £724 10s.

That 93 policies on 67 lives have become claims in 1853, on which £57,273 6s. 4d. has been paid; and

That since the Company commenced business in 1834, 8,593 policies have been issued in all, of which 3,753 have lapsed, surrendered, or become claims.

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